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THE BYSTANDER
MAY 18, 1938.

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Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes & Nice.

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Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel.—Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for Illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st. class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 baths. Entirely renovated 1934. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.— First-class, up-to-date. Facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — Bellevue. — The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe. Pension with bath from 18 Marks.

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.— World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.— First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet, pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.— Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel. —Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Excelsior.— Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds From R.M.4.

Frankfort - on - Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.— First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.9

Königswinter on Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.— High class. Overlooking Rhine valley. Motor rd. Rack rail. Gar. Spts. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.50

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance). — Hotel Bad Schachen.—1st-class throughout—200 rooms—priv. beach—extens. park—tennis—mod. terms.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich—Hotel Grünwald.— Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.— First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New Garage in hotel.

Sasbachwalden.—Bl. For.—**Landhaus Fuchs.—** 20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house —private swim. pool.—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

(*Continued on page D*)

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Sitting Out on the Balcony

Clarissa Churchill, Winston Churchill's niece, sat on the Grosvenor House balcony to talk to Lord Duncannon

on Parade

and the First Court

Lady Gillian Drummond

Off to the First Court to be presented by her mother went the youngest daughter of the British Ambassador to Rome, the Earl of Perth

Above, right, are the American Ambassador's wife and the two daughters, Kathleen and Rosemary, whom she presented last Wednesday

Right: Bridget Hope is an M.P.'s daughter; her father, Capt. the Hon. Arthur Hope, is Lord Rankeillour's son

Mrs. Joseph Kennedy and Two Daughters

Miss Bridget Hope

Above: Mrs. Patrick Ashley Cooper, wife of the Hudson's Bay Company's Governor, presented her daughter Cynthia

Above right: Joan Hughes lives at Roehampton Vale, had a last mirror-gaze before her drive to Buckingham Palace

Right: Mary Fitzroy, the Speaker's daughter, was presented by her cousin, Lady Violet Wilson

A Cat May Look—But Doesn't

Dizzy (short for Disraeli because of his little black beard) likes to sit on David Jagger's shoulder while he's working, but takes no further interest. The portrait of Sir Louis Stirling was commissioned by his friends to celebrate his knighthood

Youngest Tate Director

Dr. John Rothenstein, who succeeds J. B. Manson as director of the Tate Gallery, comes to London via Kentucky, Pittsburg, Leeds and Sheffield. In the former two towns he was an art professor, in the latter, gallery director. He is Sir William Rothenstein's son, conceals strong views behind an ingenuous appearance; is thirty-six

Ex-Invalid Replaces Invalid

Mme. Lotte Lehmann (right), who collapsed during the first performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" at Covent Garden, is now recovered and sang in that opera last week, when it was given in place of "Die Entführung," owing to Richard Tauber's indisposition

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. CHURCHILL'S speech at Manchester was not only a magnificent piece of oratory, but it was international statesmanship in high form. It is the fashion these days either to decry or to ignore the League of Nations, and it is a little unfortunate that the lead in ignoring it should have been coming recently from the Prime Minister himself. Mr. Churchill has done a great service to the cause of peace by coming out into the open with his experience, his knowledge, and his matchless eloquence in favour of the only sane policy which now is left. If we are to survive, we must arm to the teeth, and at the same time stand solid behind the Covenant.

THE Air Ministry is not out of the wood yet by a long chalk. The latest and almost the most surprising piece of information about it is contained in a letter written by Mr. Douglas Sandys, M.P. to Lord Winterton. Mr. Sandys, one of the most energetic, pertinacious and able of the younger Tory backbenchers, alleges that aircraft companies are dismissing skilled workers almost wholesale, owing to the shortage of orders from the Government. This letter was published in the Press at just about the time when the British mission landed in America to buy American aeroplanes.

LORD WINTERTON, however, replied vigorously to all critics of the Air Ministry in his defence of Lord Swinton in the House of Commons. He gave some impressive figures. By March 1940, he said, our total first-line force of aeroplanes will amount to 3500; within the next eighteen months no fewer than 40,000 officers and men will have been added to the strength of the Air Force (and the Naval Air Arm); thirty new aerodromes will be built at once.

AT last photographs of the balloon barrage have been published. This is a matter of supreme importance to every human being in this country. If it can be proved conclusively that the balloons with their hanging wires can keep hostile aeroplanes up to a level of, say, 20,000 feet, then the fighters will control the situation, and air-raids will not be worth while.

A CROWDED but remarkably calm meeting of the Council of the League of Nations saw the official end of the Abyssinian business. Lord Halifax put the British case, and it was accepted without a vote. Roughly speaking, the case was that a wrong had been committed, but that it could not be righted without a war, and a war was unthinkable. Therefore, the only rational thing is to free all members of the League from their obligation not to recognise the Italian conquest. So now each member is allowed to make up its own mind for itself whether or not to accept the situation which has been definitely created.

IT will be interesting to see if the elevation of Mr. Ormsby Gore to the peerage on the death of his father, Lord Harlech, will make any difference to the Government's scheme for partitioning Palestine. It has been rumoured for some time that the new Lord Harlech was the only member of the Cabinet in favour of the complicated idea of setting up a triple administration—Arab, Jew, and Mandate—in the Holy Land.

THE Socialists, having won three consecutive by-elections with the help of the Liberals, are now going to ruin the Liberal chances of winning at Aylesbury by running a candidate of their own. It may be magnificent, but it is certainly not wise, and it must be keeping the poor Government candidate awake at nights, as well as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The former must be laughing himself awake at the prospect of winning a seat, and the latter at the prospect of netting £150.

THE revolt which lasted for an hour or two in Brazil was an unusual one, as it was an attack by super-Fascists on a Fascist dictatorship. A novel touch also was the fact that the revolutionaries wore green shirts. This passion of enthusiastic politicians for coloured shirts all over the world must have a serious effect upon shares of laundry companies.

MR. TIMPERLEY, the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in China, has returned to London with a film showing some of the atrocities committed by the Japanese in the neighbourhood of Nankin. Mr. Timperley is of the opinion that the recent Japanese defeats are of first-class importance,

Kiss at First Night

After the first performance of Leonide Massine's ballet to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in Monte Carlo, director René Blum went to the choregrapher's dressing-room to embrace and congratulate him; found him half made-up for his Peruvian traveller part in "Gaieté Parisienne"

Love at First Sight

"Two months ago I went to one of Yehudi's concerts, and we were introduced. Our engagement soon followed. I am very happy." So Australian Miss Nola Nicholas briefly described the rapid agreement reached between her and Yehudi Menuhin, who gave his season's last concert last week

Hearsts at a Hearst Night

Hollywood gave a party to publisher William Randolph Hearst on his birthday. It was held at Marion Davis's home and the great tilter at the New Deal was photographed with three sons, William Randolph, junior (straw hat, left), George (round face), and Randolph Apperson (straw hat, right). Another son, David, is honeymooning here with his ex-showgirl bride

partly because of the loss of prestige of the Japanese armies, and partly because the defeated troops were not the middle-aged and reservists used in some parts of China, but were crack, first-line divisions of Japan.

THE Simonite Liberals last year became all excited about their own importance, and passed unanimously (that is to say, by about eight goals to nothing) a whole lot of resolutions on public policy. Finding, however, in an awkward moment in the House of Commons that at least one of these resolutions ran exactly counter to the policy of their Tory allies, they hastily backed down. At their Conference this year, they are being cautious, and are mainly in favour of preventing sea-erosion on the East Coast. As everybody knows, or ought to know, the BYSTANDER is a non-political journal, but I cannot resist quoting a remark of Sir Archibald Sinclair when he said that he would never describe the Simonites as Tories, any more than he would describe a ventriloquist's dummy as a ventriloquist.

IAN COLVIN, who was for years one of the chief leader-writers on the *Morning Post*, is dead. He was a Scotsman from Inverness, and his wit and his intellectual integrity were the admiration of friends and political opponents alike. It was he who wrote in a leading article: "We are not among those who think that the Northcliffe papers are never of use. Like the loud and vulgar gabble of the geese upon the Capitol, they may awaken the nation to its danger."

ANOTHER name in the week's obituary is a very famous one. It is that of Prince Joachim Murat. The great Joachim Murat was one of the most flamboyant and picturesque figures in history. The son of an innkeeper in Gascony, he became King of Naples, and in the end was shot by a firing-squad in a squalid Calabrian village. He was Napoleon's Commander of Cavalry, and was the greatest cavalry leader in the whole of military history.

THE House of Lords has decided that the insurance company need not pay the fifty thousand pounds insurance which was claimed by the heirs of Major St. John Rowlandson, who shot himself in a taxi three minutes before his policy expired. Every newspaper in the country has reported the decision of the Lords, and not one, so far as I have seen, has commented on Major Rowlandson's amazing gallantry. He was perfectly sane: he had got himself into a financial tangle, and he thought the best thing he could do for his creditors was to give them his life insurance. So he shot himself. I knew Major Rowlandson well, and I think he was probably the most generous man I have ever met.

EVERYONE in their senses must be sympathetic with any appeal on behalf of London's hospitals. It is one of the things which stagger foreigners in these peculiar and illogical islands that the hospitals of the capital should be maintained by private charity and generosity. When, therefore, the hospitals had their flag-day last week, and the streets, on what was luckily a gay and sunny day, were thronged with medical students with their boxes and their badges, everyone gave willingly, and, I am sure, freely. But, come what may, I intend to make my protest here against the methods and the manners of some of the young men and women who did the collecting. They rattled boxes under the noses of passers-by in a way that was insolent, offensive, and, I rather fancy, illegal.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. G—L before the Frontispiece

THE Dumb Friends' League has officially announced that cock-fighting is being carried on in London behind carefully guarded doors. Mr. James Bone, in his *London Perambulator*, by far the best book ever written about London, says that "Indian Rajahs still buy cock-spurs for their cock-fighting at a shop off Cockspur Street." And if the Dumb Friends' League is right, business ought to be looking up in this unusual trade. On the other hand, the long wrangle in the magistrate's court in Hastings, or somewhere, about the "rooster" which has woken up the entire neighbourhood at five o'clock for weeks, makes one wonder what concern it all is of the Dumb Friends' League.

THE spirit of John Knox has scored another notable victory in Glasgow. The three lovely figures outside the Fitness Pavilion are to be destroyed because they offend some of the local Scottish worthies. Elgin Cathedral as it stands to-day is another notable example of this identical frame of mind, and so is the closing of golf clubs on Sundays.

TALKING of Knox, it comes into my mind (as Alan Breck Stewart used to say) that the BYSTANDER is publishing this week, on another page, a photograph of Father Ronald Knox. This famous wit and militant Catholic, who has had so great an influence upon so much of the youth of the land, is the subject of one of Chesterton's most brilliant epigrams:

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed,
Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks
To see wit, laughter and the Popish creed
Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

Social Register

THREE WEDDINGS

Mr. Fleming and Miss Hermon-Hodge

Richard Evelyn Fleming, the late Major Valentine Fleming and Mrs. Fleming's third son, married the Hon. Charmian Hermon-Hodge at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is Lord and Lady Wyfold's third daughter; her eldest sister, Pamela Kate, married Lord Fincastle last month

The Master of Kinnaird and Miss Fortington

The Hon. Graham Charles Kinnaird, elder son of Lord and Lady Kinnaird, of Rossie Priory, Perthshire, and Nadia Fortington, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fortington, of Isle of Jethou, Channel Islands, were married in the Rossie Priory Chapel. The bride designed her own wedding-dress

Sir W. Barttelot and Miss Ravenscroft

Capt. Sir Walter de Stopham Barttelot, Bt., Coldstream Guards, of Stopham House, Pulborough, married Sara Patricia Ravenscroft, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. V. Ravenscroft, of the Abbey, Storrington, Sussex

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Michael John Hare

Left: the Hon. John and the Hon. Mrs. Hare have called their son Michael John. Their two-year-old daughter is Mary Ann. Mr. Hare is Lord Listowel's brother, and his wife is Lord Cowdray's sister

Miranda Jane Rivers-Bulkeley

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley's daughter was christened Miranda Jane at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Her father is in the Scots Guards; her mother was Charmian Fane

DANCING LESSON

Young Scots

Mrs. Laws, of the Scottish dancing, one of a series of be faultlessly done. The brother Alexander, and Lady

THE BIG BEN BALL

Mr. Stephen Cannon and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barrow

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hacking

Mrs. Douglas Hacking and a committee ran the Big Ben Ball this year without a paid organiser, and succeeded in selling more tickets and making more money than the Ball has ever made before

Sir Thomas Inskip and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain

The Big Ben Ball is an annual in aid of the Conservative Films Association, and packs the huge ballroom at Grosvenor House to capacity. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain came on after the First Court, presented prizes, and sat next Sir Thomas Inskip for supper. Of the trio in the picture at the top, Mr. Jack Barrow is a director of Tooth's Gallery

FILM FIRST-NIGHT

Right : Lord Moyne and Lady Broughton, backed by a vast Charles Laughton, were on their way in to "The Challenge" premiere. Lord Moyne was Chairman of the Committee that reported last year on the British film industry

Lord Moyne and Lady Broughton

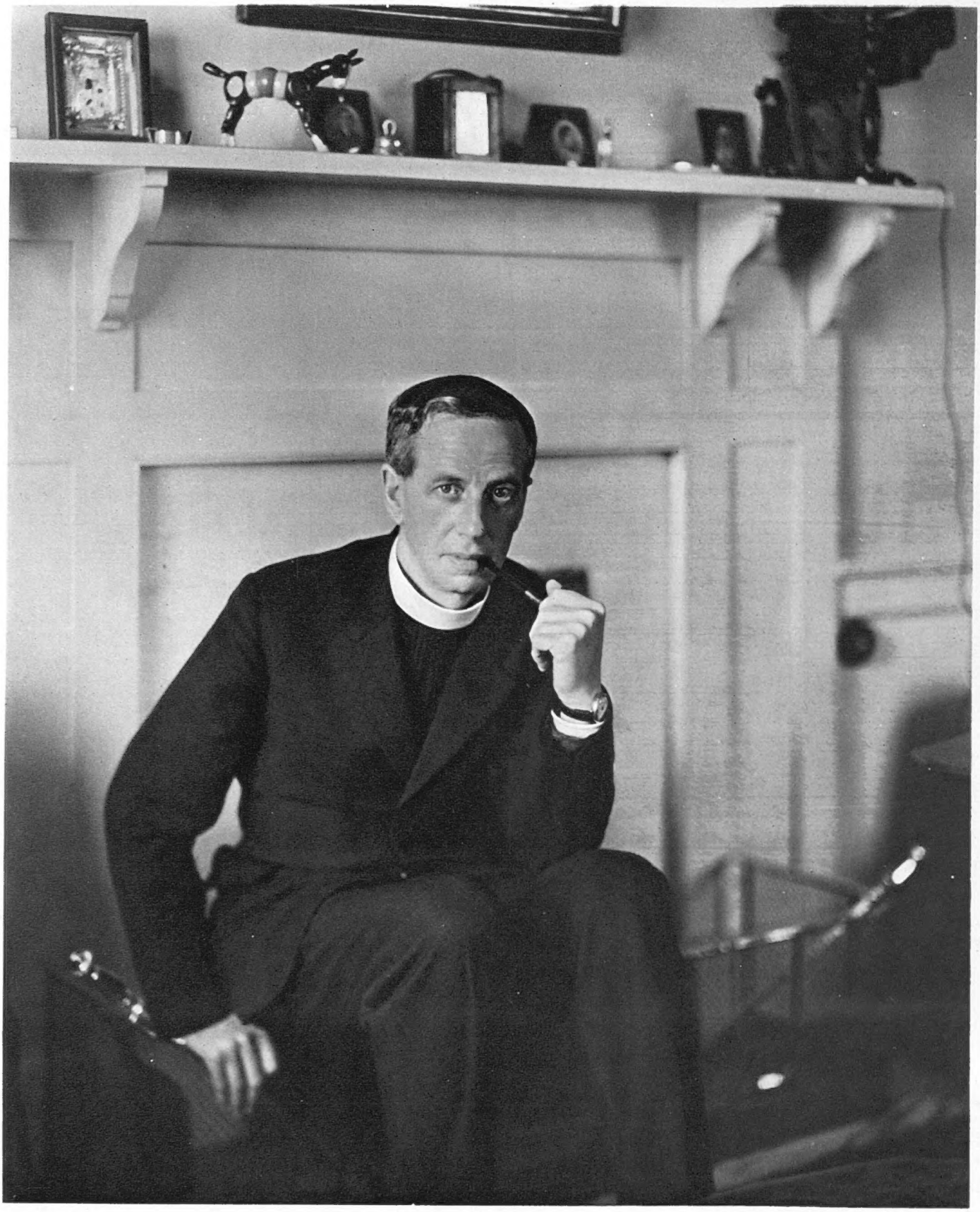
Learning their Steps for the Caledonian Ball

Country Dance Society, was taking this class of reel- and country-six being held before the Caledonian Ball, where the set reels have to three front-row pupils were Miss Jean Macdonald of the Isles, her Jean Drummond, whose sister Gillian is a debutante this year

"FLAG-SELLING"

Six to One in West Norwood

Young socialites were scattered all over London selling flowers on Hospital Day last week. This group, who found a cheerful victim to pose with them in West Norwood, were Miss Kenyon-Slaney, the Hon. Pamela Berry, Miss Virginia Brand, Miss du Plessis, the Hon. Judith Gurdon and the Hon. Mrs. Murray



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Ronald Knox

Early this century a First Scholar from Eton went up as First Scholar to Balliol, won three more scholarships and a classical first in rapid succession, was made Fellow and later Chaplain of Trinity: a fitting Oxford record for the son of an Anglican bishop. But a shock came for the late Rt. Rev. E. A. Knox when he learnt, in 1917, that his son was to be received into the Roman Catholic Church. Ronald Knox, who published an apologia in 1918 entitled *A Spiritual Æneid*, made as rapid progress in his new faith as in his old. Within a decade and a half he was again a priest at Oxford, installed in the seventeenth-century timbered Old Palace at the corner of Rose Place and St. Aldate's as Roman Catholic chaplain to the University. That is the record of the shy man who is known to Freshmen as Mgr. Knox (he was made Domestic Chaplain to the Pope in 1936), to second-year men as Father Knox, to third-year men and graduates as Ronnie, whose detective stories are as famous as his tea-parties; who is sitting here on the fender ("the only place they leave me") in the dark-panelled stucco ceiling'd room (Edward VI.) which looks on to Christ Church meadows

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 71

Joseph Kennedy

JOSEPH KENNEDY, the American Ambassador in London, is a strong Roman Catholic, as his wife and nine children (ranging from six to twenty-two) prove adequately. He is vital, vivid, incisive—a real Big Shot in Big Business. Yet all his grandparents came from the South of Ireland. It was his father, a saloon-keeper in Boston, who founded the family fortunes. Young Joe was still poor enough, though, to peddle candy and newspapers on an excursion steamer before going to Boston Latin School (the oldest in the U.S., and the Alma Mater of Franklin and Emerson). Here he captained the baseball team, managed the football team, and was "Colonel" of the school O.T.C. We next find him at Harvard. By the time he graduated, his father was a director of Columbia Trust, a little suburban bank with a capital of £50,000 and a surplus of £7000. In this way he secured a job as a State Bank examiner at £300 a year, and held it for eighteen months. Then came the first of the two operative dates in his life: January 20th, 1914, when he joined Columbia Trust (becoming President at the age of twenty-five), and October 7th, 1914, when he married the beautiful Rose Fitzgerald, whose father was Mayor of Boston. From Columbia Trust Mr. Kennedy became assistant general manager of Bethlehem's Fore River Yards, and then learnt about market operations in the banking house of Hayden, Stone; thus acquiring the brilliance as a market operator that has since made his gigantic fortune. (In 1936 only one other man in the U.S. paid 88 per cent. of his income in taxes, direct and indirect, to the Government.)

It was just twelve years ago that London first felt the impact of his business acumen. This was when he bought from Lord Inverforth a picture-producing unit company which he reorganised and sold to R.K.O. There followed such an intensive period of film deals and film mergers in the U.S. that he went into hospital after dropping over two stone in weight. When he emerged the slump was well started, and he didn't know whether his house at Palm Beach was an asset or a liability. (To-day he has one at Cape Cod, another at Bronxville, a third at Ascot, a fourth at Palm Beach, as well as his private residence in Prince's Gate.) However, he came back into Wall Street and not long afterwards was asked to clean it up. This he did in 431 days, so effectually that nobody will ever become a multi-millionaire again. More remarkable still, he settled the seventy-three million dollar claim of twenty-three shipping companies in seventy-three days—for about £150,000.

MANY people wonder why he accepted his present post, although in the U.S. it ranks next after the Presidency. But the answer is not difficult to provide. His intense curiosity to discover the secret of English phlegm, English prestige and English predominance in the money operations of the world is responsible. We were discussing it a week ago, and though he has been here three months, he still confesses to being completely baffled. As to his private life, he says cheerfully that almost everything which he regards as fun is illegal, immoral, or fattening. One exception is golf, at which he has an American 9 handicap. Riding is another of his hobbies. So is deep-sea fishing. Speaking generally, he always prefers to do things instead of watching them. But he has his own talkie apparatus at Prince's Gate and has acquired quite an interest in soccer. Mr. Kennedy has a natural smile; an instantaneous and tenacious financial brain; an aversion from giving away autographed photographs of himself; a fondness for steaks and chops; a feeling that he is "merely a babe in arms" when confronted with British diplomats; horn spectacles and a most unambassadorial manner which never gets crabbed. He is actually forty-nine, but looks forty. **Charles Graves**

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Yes, this is your husband, who is that speaking ? "

IT 's probably no news to you that the libel racket is growing, that every time a new book is published there are hungry lawyers going through it (as also through the Press, daily and weekly) with a tooth-comb, that successful actions for damages are being brought every other day nowadays which would have been laughed out of court a few years ago, and that for every action brought there are about six settled for cash out of court, simply because it is infinitely cheaper to pay blackmail than to fight it successfully : a very sweet commentary on the Libel Laws of a free people. An eminent literary figure of our acquaintance—we won't give his name, for fear of lawyers' narks—attributes the success of the racket in great part to the fat-headed British jury, before which (he says rightly) no libel action should ever be tried, since it is not only hypnotised by the cheapest legal rhetoric but normally considers the Press fair game. So crooks and charlatans flourish, and no one dare criticise their most obvious moves.

We 've heard something vague about Gaffer A. P. Herbert being inclined to take a crack in the House at the libel racketeers, but it 'll be a tough crusade. The average politician is hardly likely to favour any Bill reforming the present laws, which leave him sitting pretty and practically immune from criticism (we thought), perusing the *Times* report of the Prime Minister's recent speech at the Newspaper Society's annual dinner. Packed with smooth platitudes and flowery pishposh it struck us as being. " In this country the freedom of the Press is a reality which has never been questioned." (Cheers.) High time somebody did question it (we thought).

Mother

FLASHING brilliant blood-red nails, and having kept the photographers waiting an hour or so while she fixed her hair, La Dietrich announced to the Press boys at Southampton the other day that at heart she was " just a mother." A Hollywood publicity chap, tough as chilled steel, once told us he never knows whether or not this is a good line for a Hollywood star to take. Used in this country, it stirs, on the one hand, the warm, pulpy heart of that large emotional public which throbs daily or weekly with Mr. Winn, Mr. Nichols, Miss Ascroft, and the other ace sob-technicians. On the other hand, it must undoubtedly alienate millions of romantics (like A. G. Macdonell) who see and hear and adore La Dietrich in the act of luring and hoarsing and swooning and eyelashing and hip-swaying, and connect her with motherhood about as much as they connect Ethel Mannin with heavy-weight boxing. And again, as the retired leading lady in *Hay Fever* bitterly remarks, the mother stuff dates one. The infant so lavishly dandled before the public eye to-day is the thumping big deb. of to-morrow, outshining Mumsie and stealing all her thunder. So what the hell (asked this Hollywood chap plaintively) is a guy to advise ?

It 's difficult. Almost as difficult as thinking up a new publicity line. Charlie Chaplin started curling up with Plato and Einstein, and Mary Pickford took to inventing theology, and the Garbo took to slinking and the Dietrich is just a little mother, and now there 's nothing much left for anybody. All we could suggest as a striking new publicity line would be a bit of good acting, but how many film-fans want that ?

Bouquets Dept.

THE Government of Portugal, the only country in the world which baffles and annoys British economists by continuously balancing its Budget, has awarded the biennial Camoens Prize (£182), for a book on Portugal, to a Swiss author. We deduce from first principles that his view of Portugal was on the whole favourable ; not a very difficult deduction, since Portugal seems to be doing rather nicely compared with a lot of other people, but still showing that the Swiss boy was no petulant sourpuss on the subject. People like being told they 're pretty stout fellows, and why not ? We 've recently given André Maurois a K.B.E. for it, whereas the author of that sniffy work, *The English : Are They Human ?*, deserved and got, metaphorically speaking, a jolly good kick in the pants. The only contemporary foreign author we know of who strikes a just mean, and knows and likes us without serving up butter on a lordly dish, is the sprightly wit, Félix de Grand'Combe, who tells and enjoys a thousand amusing stories about and with us. (E.g., " Have you any French books ? " he asked a small provincial bookseller. The honest man nodded slyly and winked : " *All the 'ot stuff 's in the back-shop,*" he breathed.)

" What 's 'e glaring for ? I haven't done nothing to 'im "

'Fishency

ONE American inspiration (among 500) which is slowly seeping into English life (it 's just got down to Plymouth) seems to be the grotesquely humiliating one of getting the employees of a given store to sing choruses before the day's work, to pep them up and make them happy. We heard a lot about this some time ago from an ex-Naval commander who 'd been axed and was forced to earn his living for a time by selling things on commission, poor devil. At 8.25 every morning he and his fellow-victims of the Machine assembled in the firm's board-room for community-singing. At 8.30 the managing director bustled in, breezy and lynx-eyed, and they began choruses—not the ordinary choruses which seaside crowds moan and roar under the guidance of a perspiring expert in flannels, but choruses composed in America, praising the Team-Spirit and the Get-Together Spirit and Jolly Good Salesmanship and the Good Old Firm. Our ex-N.O. sang some of the rancid words of these ignoble anthems over to us, adding that the chaps in the back rows (many of them also ex-naval) generally substituted other words, highly unsuitable, though they had to be very wary of spies. After the singing came a few barked words of uplift from the managing director, assisted by diagrams, and the victims then staggered out into the chill morning air, gripping their loathly sample-cases, using awful language, and wishing they were dead.

Incidentally, the Machine didn't stop at community-singing. At the end of his first month each salesman was hauled before the Big Noise and asked peremptorily what he did in his spare time. Our naval friend, debating whether to kill the odious ass or merely chuck a chair at him, withheld his hand, and replied deliberately, after some thought: "I get roaring drunk." He was then fired.

Form

THE well-bred manner in which the *Rosenkavalier* audience at Covent Garden waited twenty minutes or so the other night, after Lotte Lehmann's unfortunate breakdown in Act I., until Konetzni could resume where Lehmann left off, moved one of the gossip-boys to the usual cliché-ridden moralisings on the behaviour of Continental audiences, who are liable in such circumstances to get restive before long and demonstrate. We don't think this is any more sensible than the British method of sitting like genteel stockfish in boiled shirts, and we 'd like someone to tell us what the reasonable mean is. Abroad they believe in getting their money's worth of entertainment, and in Italy especially, if an opera singer botches his work, they give him unsparing hell and often make him do it over again. In this country, owing to a mixture—correct us if wrong—of kindliness, social cowardice (or good form), cricket-worship, and temperamental sluggishness we sit mum and let a performer get away with murder.

Some little time ago, when a chap was slung out of a West End show for hissing a dud performance, a desultory argument sprang up, based chiefly (it seemed to us at the time) on sentiment rather than reason. You wouldn't accept a stinking fish from your fishmonger in dumb, well-bred silence, or would you? And if a theatre-manager gives you equally lousy value? You can always walk out, argue those who, quite rightly, don't want the unfortunate actors to suffer unduly for what mayn't be their fault. But to walk out midway seems to us more crushingly and finally cruel than to boo or hiss, because it deprives the actors of a full hearing. (Likewise the author, though few people give a damn about that hound. "Don't move, gentlemen," says the leading lady in *Gil Blas* to her smart friends. "It 's only the author." She might have been almost any modern star.)

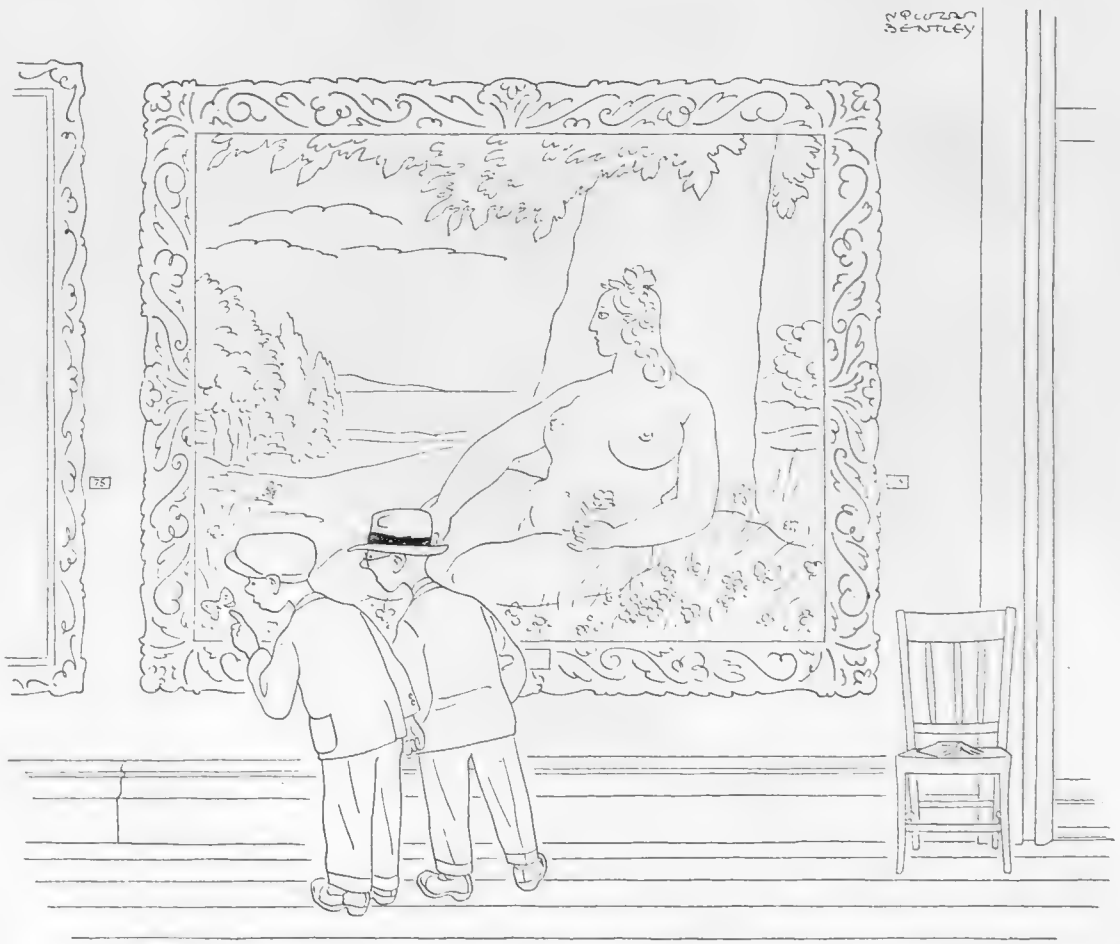
So we don't know what you can do, unless, like us, you have the precious gift of being able to sleep at any time.

Halo

A STAINED-GLASS window just put up in St. Sepulchre's, Holborn, to the memory of A. K. Nicholson, the glass-painter, shows a bag of golf-clubs in the decorative border round the inscription, also a hand of picquet. This is, so far as we know, the first time playing-cards and golf-clubs have been featured in ecclesiastical art in England. In the new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John in New York there is a Sports Bay with windows of rich colour devoted entirely to golfers and polo players and lawn tennis players and other sporting heroes in a blaze of glory, like the saints and martyrs. The effect is quite overwhelming. Now that sport has taken the place formerly occupied by religion in this country, it mightn't seem incongruous to dedicate a window shortly to Mr. Bradman in some cathedral or other. We would personally suggest something on the lines of the famous great window called Notre-Dame de la Belle Verrière at Chartres. Shining in pure white flannels the hero should stand, alternatively, against a flaming jewelled background, bat in hand, one foot set proudly on a model of the Pavilion at Lord's, the M.C.C. ranked beneath, prostrate and adoring. We don't know whether the exact tint of clear, celestial, translucent blue for the eyes is among those mediæval glass-painting secrets which are now irretrievably lost. . . .

Talking of irretrievable loss, the days of Chartres Cathedral itself, one of the chief treasures of Western civilisation, seem to be numbered, the French Government having just established an aerodrome close beside it, unless we 're mistaken. Ten minutes' intensive bombing in the next war can reduce the whole thing to a heap of smoking rubble quite easily, and probably will. Too bad (we think).

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Meant to be a Red Admiral, I suppose"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sea-side idyll: Doris Hare and John Mills

Right: Mr. Wakefield explains, Mr. Waddington sings

"Pélissier's Follies of 1938" (Saville)

IF the *Pélissier Follies of* 1938 cannot bear comparison with the *Pélissier Follies of* 1908 (which, of course, they can't), they may well defend their title by asking "What about the *Pélissier Follies of* 1912?" For, glorious as the old Follies were (and I don't think I ever laughed more at anything), they had their decline, and one of the ugliest first-nights in my memory was their last first-night a couple of years before the war, when they gave up their two pianos for a numerous orchestra, when they expanded their original company of seven to seventeen, and when such was the level of the humour that the performance ended amid loud boos from the gallery. According to custom, the curtain fell, rose, fell, and rose again. As the booing persisted, the customary geniality of the great Pélissier departed. Something suspiciously like a scowl overspread his features. And then, with the greasepaint running down his cheeks, he stepped forward to the footlights, put his two hands to his mouth, and created a precedent which has yet to be followed by booing back at the gallery. Whereupon the rest of the company joined in, and a most undignified match ensued, from which the poor old Follies did not emerge victorious.

THERE was no booing—far from it—on the first-night of the new *Pélissier Follies* at the Saville, and no reason why there should be. For these newcomers, although unlikely to make history, contribute amiably to theatrical journalism with a song-and-dance-and-sketch show that has been beautifully lit by Mr. Robert Nesbitt and mounted by Mr. René Hubert in a style that pays full homage to the West End. The book and score have been miscellaneously composed, there being no fewer than twenty-five authors and composers in all, which surely must be a record. Sometimes we are on rather too-familiar ground, as in the singing of "John Peel," the skits on nursery rhymes, and the gardening song-scena, in which the choir parodies well-known lines from popular songs, with horti- and agri-cultural parallels. But Mr. Gene Gerrard's Gardening Broadcast as Mr. Muddleton is first-rate, his Quick-change Artist playing all the parts in an old-time melodrama is well on the road to riot, and the turns introduced in Mr. Bobby Comber's search for local talent are funny enough to make all the older fogies in front forget the days when grandpa invented the tiddely-pom.

THESE memories, however, are sentimentally revived at the finish, when songs from the old Follies are resuscitated behind a gauze. Resuscitated with a difference, for it is strange to hear the masculine Mr. John Mills endeavouring to reproduce the "Ypsilanti" that once was so sweetly warbled by feminine Miss Gwennie Mars; and when Mr. Lyle Evans gives forth "There 's a Sun Still Shining in the Sky" as though it were a solemn dirge, time's whirligig plays pranks indeed. But there has been some good fooling, with Miss Doris Hare in a variety of impersonations proving herself a trouper of the first rank. We leave the theatre in a good mood for supper, and quite willing to drink to *Pélissier's Follies of* 1939.

Sketches by Rouson

Mr. Gene Gerrard broadcasts Muddleton

Cheerful assassin and bulky Snow White: Lyle Evans and Bobby Comber

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM
"White Label"
DEWAR'S FAMOUS SCOTCH
IN HANDY FLASKS FOR ALL SPORTSMEN
"White Label"
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH

Portrait of Tamara Desni

This is Fritz Lowen's impression of the green-eyed, auburn-haired Russian film-actress who has made several pictures in this country, including *Jack Ahoy*, *Fire Over England*, and *The Squeaker*. Tamara Desni is now under contract to Mayflower Films and not making anything at the moment; in fact, she has gone from winter sports to her villa at St. Tropez (she has another at Nice) and is resting there before a probable big push this summer. Who could have said that the baby daughter born to actress Xenia Desni in a provincial town in Central Russia would become a British film-star? Thanks to the Revolution, and to Bruce Seton, who ended Tamara Desni's nationality troubles by marrying her in 1937, that is how it is

". . . And a smile on your face"
From "Little Old Lady"

"Chiri-biri—bi—i—m . . ."
From "the Organ, The Monkey and Me"

"You little son of a gun"
From "The Organ, the Monkey and Me"

Gracie Fields in Variety

At the beginning of this merry month the Palladium went back to high-speed variety after seven months of the Crazy Gang's *London Rhapsody*. For the first two weeks Gracie Fields topped the bill. She had gone to her Capri villa for a long holiday, but as she was recalled to re-take some final shots in *We're Going to be Rich* (Regal, now), and has to start another film in June, she decided to play a few variety dates in between. These are the first pictures ever taken of Gracie Fields in action

"Say good-bye to sorrow"
From "Sing As We Go"

"Come, come, come to me only . . ."
From "My Hero" (burlesqued)

"Pride of our alley . . ."
From "Sally"

Tom and Huck with a dead cat in a bag, go to try Huck's wart-curing theory in a graveyard at midnight

Little Gentlemen Eating Strawberry-Shortcake

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

A Whacking from Aunt Polly.

Tommy Kelly, an eleven-year-old Bronx schoolboy, was picked for hero of Mark Twain's immortal story of Tom Sawyer. Ten-year-old Ann Collis, from Arkansas, is Becky Thatcher, Jackie Moran is Huckleberry Finn, and May Robson is Aunt Polly. The film in Technicolor was produced by David O. Selznick who put *David Copperfield* on the screen. America liked this version of *Tom Sawyer* but thought it not quite up to the *Copperfield* standard; maybe they're more choosy about their own classic. England can start deciding this week—the picture is at the Odeon

Left:
Tom Wins His Becky's Favour

What's News? Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan Are Teamed. That's News

"Break the News"

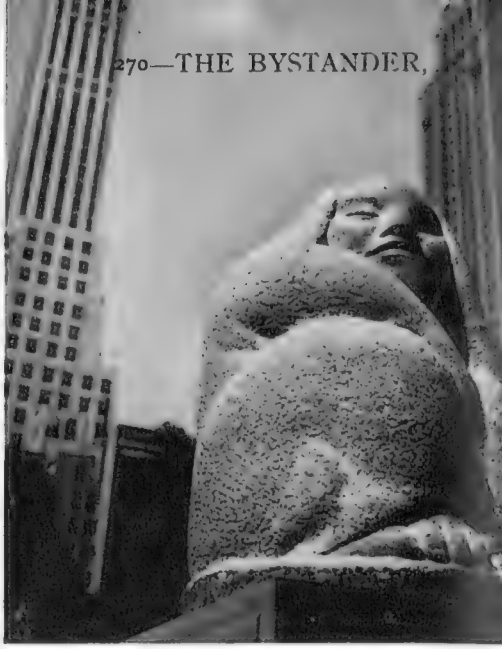
A New René Clair Film

The combination is Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier as a crazy stage double-act, René Clair as director, music by Cole Porter—the result is *Break the News*, and can it help being a good film? There's also June Knight as a tough but beautiful actress-manager, taking the part originally planned for Adèle Astaire. The premiere of the film is to-morrow (19th) at the Cambridge Theatre, a gala affair organised by the Duchess of Buccleuch in aid of the Y.W.C.A., to which the Duchess of Kent is going

Casino Encounter—Jack Buchanan and June Knight

Out-of-Work at Home—Maurice Chevalier

A hospital and an hotel overlook the show



A Granite Figure, by Alvino Cava

Art Outdoors

A Manhattan Exhibition

On an open lot at the corner of Park Avenue and 39th Street the Sculptors' Guild of the U.S.A. held an exhibition and created a sensation in New York City. Not for them the bright fires and thick carpets of an uptown art gallery, but the trees and the park benches and the birds on the statuary. The show is sponsored by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Mrs. Henry Morgenthau, Junior, and the Honourable Fiorello La Guardia. The idea is to interest the man in the street, and more for this reason has the exhibition been put in the street than as a gesture of defiance although one of the Guild's tenets is to oppose all attempts to curtail freedom of expression. They would evidently find sympathy with some of England's insurgent artists, and who knows? When the builders have finished pulling down Berkeley Square, it might do as an open-air Academy

Below:
The Dreamer, by Vincent Glinsky, is interrupted by an insolent candid camera

Below: spring siesta among the statuary

Photographs by Gehr-Laytha, New York

A Bronze Bather, by Mary Tarleton, looks up at the skyscrapers

Hound, by Paul Manship, and admirer

Two Torsos, by Chaim Gross, rear above the wire

Warren Wheeler's Mayor—a sponsor

A Young Nude, by Maurice Glickman

The "Wagg Week-end"

An Annual Gleneagles Hotel Party

Two golfers who played in the Wagg week-end tournament were Count Paul Munster and the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Lord Ancaster went to Scotland for a day or two, not for golf but to visit his Perthshire estate, Drummond Castle

Two Week-enders and the Hostess

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clive, who went up to Gleneagles for the week-end organised by Mrs. Kenneth Wagg (right) and her husband. Everyone enjoyed the party and the golf so much the first "Wagg Week-end" a year or two ago that now it has become an annual fixture

Young Wagg Admonishes His Parents' Friends

Timothy Wagg is the Kenneth Waggs' four-year-old son who went the trip to Scotland with his parents and took a prominent position on and off the golf-course

Mr. Cox and Mrs. Hugh Harris

"Natives" who gave local colour to the mostly London mixture were Michael Cox, son of the Ernest Coxes, of Methuen Castle, and Mrs. Hugh Harris, daughter of the Laird of Gleneagles

Mrs. Stevens and Captain Lewis

Mrs. Greville Stevens, who owns Balnakeilly, Pitlochry, was talking to Captain J. Fitzpatrick Lewis, Constance, Duchess of Westminster's husband

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Watson

The Bernard Watsons were another London couple breathing good Perthshire air. He is the chairman of Ivor Nicholson and Watson, the publishers

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Mrs. John Wills

Lord and Lady Elphinstone's second daughter, Jean, married John Lycett Wills about eighteen months ago. They have a baby son, born last autumn, and christened Andrew Arnold Lyon. He is the first great-grandchild of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, through his grandmother, Lady Elphinstone, and a great-nephew of the Queen. Mr. John Wills is the second son of Capt. Arnold Wills and a nephew of Sir Ernest Wills; he is in the Life Guards. He and his wife have a London house in Wilton Crescent, and a country one, the Old Huntsman's House, at Ascot

Marc Platoff, the First American Polovtsian Chief

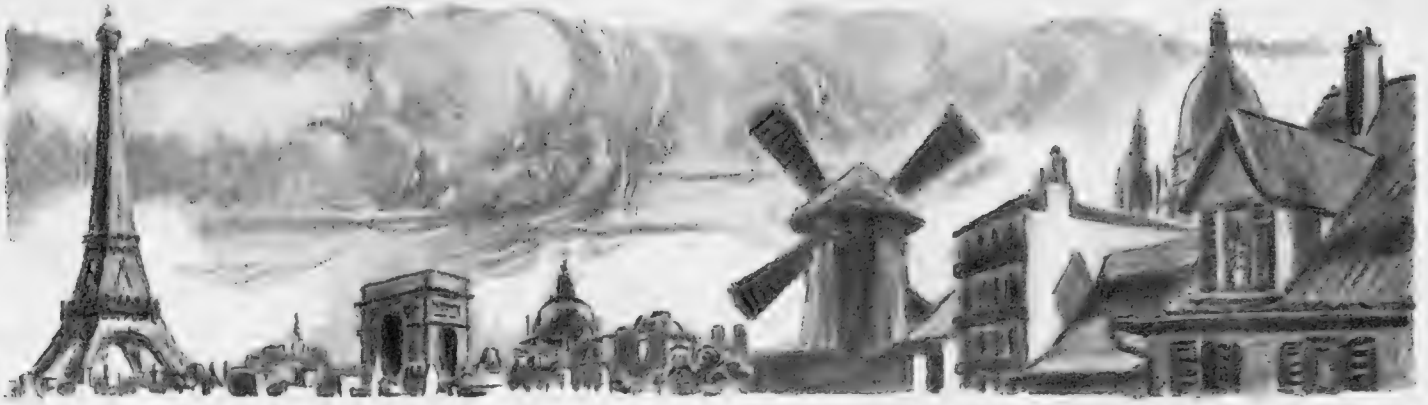
"Prince Igor"

An Englishman and an American In the Most Russian of Ballets

It is twenty-nine years since Fokine produced the *Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor* for Diaghileff, and brought to Western Europe a revelation of wild rhythm and virility. At Monte Carlo this year in the Massine-Blum production of the ballet, the role of Polovtsian Chief has been given for the first time to an Englishman, Frederick Franklin, and an American, Marc Platoff. This is a startling innovation, turned into an interesting and justifiable experiment by the performances of the two young dancers. Franklin brings to the role an excellent technique and attack, Platoff an exceptional talent for characterisation and make-up. But neither has yet fully discovered the fiery strength and barbaric passion of movement that the finest performance requires

Photographs by Anthony

Frederick Franklin, First Englishman to Take the Role



"Bystander" Short Story No. 139

Holiday in Paris

By Marghanita Laski

Illustration by L. Domény

THE letter had been in French, flowery and elaborate. Would Lady Turner, it asked, allow her daughter Marjorie to visit in Paris her old school friend, Anita de Mirecourt, for a week during the Easter holidays? It added that Mme. de Mirecourt would naturally supervise with the greatest care Lady Turner's young daughter. It ended by begging Lady Turner to accept the expression of the most sincere sentiments of Mme. de Mirecourt.

With the help of a dictionary the letter was translated. Memories were recalled of the holiday Anita had spent at the Manor. A nice girl, Lady Turner commented, and seemed decent and clean. She rang up the headmistress; Mme. de Mirecourt was all right.

If it hadn't been for Aunt Caroline's invitation to her sister to spend a week with her in London, most certainly Mme. de Mirecourt's letter would have met with a polite refusal. Lady Turner looked with small favour on Paris and with even less on such jaunts for a daughter of fifteen who was still at school. But Aunt Caroline was ailing and had only one spare bed. Perhaps, thought Lady Turner, it would be a little heartless, not to say unconventional, to leave Marjorie alone in Shropshire with no one but the servants. And one had heard that these old French families were *most* strict.

Marjorie travelled to Paris with a Cook's Tour who were breaking their journey there on the way to Venice. The Cook's travellers shamed her a little. They were raucous and noisy, and some of their voices had inflections that just weren't all right. So Marjorie mentally took up her Garbo pose, the exquisite aloofness, the intangible remoteness in which she saw herself enveloped comforting her through the excitement of Victoria, the boat, Boulogne.

As far as Boulogne, among the crowds and the noise, the Garbo pose was a help. But in the almost empty compartment to Paris it fell away from her. There were too many other things.

There 's so much, she thought, that Mother doesn't know. She doesn't know about the lipstick in my bag and the satin cami-knickers I got for fifteen bob that look hand-made. She doesn't know I put them in my suitcase inside a vest. She doesn't know about the talks Anita and I had in the copse. She doesn't know what Anita 's like now.

But nor do I, she cried to herself. At school I was cleverest and she was two years older. I showed her everything, and she looked up to me because I was so clever. But I don't know what she 's like now.

She thought of Anita's letters—" I am almost fiancée . . . I have a wonderful time, dancing and riding and parties. . . . When you come I will introduce you to lots of boys. . . ."

It 's all right for Anita, she thought. She gets her clothes in Paris and she can have her hair short, and that makes you look grown-up. Besides, she uses make-up.

She stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. She knew she 'd be beautiful one day, gloriously and unbelievably beautiful, and surely they must see it. It was her hair, she decided, straight and mousy and long, with a slide at the back, that made her feel so young. She tucked it inside her navy school coat, tilted her beret till it fell over one eye, rubbed on a little lipstick. Then she sat down again and began to think about her clothes.

There was the green coat with the mole collar. She 'd wear that all the time. She hadn't got a hat that looked grown-up. There was her green silk afternoon frock that was really low in front. But then there was her pink lace evening dress that only came half-way down the calves, no matter how hard one pulled, and had a silly bit of net across the V. And all her shoes were flat.

The train was slowing up, creaking through the suburbs. God, she prayed frantically, let me meet a boy!

SHE sat on the bed in her striped Macclesfield pyjamas. The flat was quite nice, she decided. There weren't any books and everything looked brand-new, but it was smart. So was Mme. de Mirecourt, smart and terrifying, looking as if anyone as plain and dowdy as Marjorie couldn't possibly interest her.

Marjorie was depressed. After dinner Mme. de Mirecourt had gone out and some friends of Anita's had come. The girls were about the same age as Marjorie, but they looked about twenty. They were so casually smart and they talked hardly any English. There was Pierre, to whom Anita was nearly fiancée, and two other boys, all dark and sleek and sophisticated. They were dancing and drinking and talking lightly and easily, and Marjorie's dress was dull and her shoes were flat and her hair was down her back. So she said she was tired and came to bed, but now she was sorry, crying, " If only I 'd stayed they 'd have seen I wasn't dull. They 'd have seen I was different and how beautiful I 'm going to be."

The noise died down and Anita came in. " I wish you weren't tired," she said. " They are all so nice and they liked you so much."

" What did they say? " asked Marjorie eagerly.

" Pierre said you were comme une petite poupée—a little doll," said Anita, her voice muffled by the dress she was pulling languidly over her head.

Marjorie was dubious. A little doll—was it a compliment? Unable to do nothing about it, she went to the wardrobe and took down her pink lace dress, and with Anita's nail-scissors began to cut out the modest net from the neck.

" You will not want that." Anita, now in white satin pyjamas, said casually, " We do not wear evening dress, hardly at all. Only what you would call afternoon clothes."

" I want to be smart," said Marjorie helplessly, " only you know what Mother 's like."

Anita knew. She ran to the cupboard, pulled out a tiny black hat, fitted it carefully on Marjorie's head.

" You see! " she cried. " But it is impossible with your hair. We shall have to put your hair up."

She caught up a comb, some hairpins, smoothed Marjorie's hair into a low bun.

It was not like Garbo, Marjorie decided, but it certainly made her look years older. She put on the hat again, experimented with Anita's rouge and eye-shadow. No one would take her for an English schoolgirl now.

" I want some shoes," she said, " some high-heeled shoes."

" I know a place," said Anita mysteriously, " where you can buy for a hundred francs shoes that are very nice. And you can wear my hat while you are here and you can use my make-up."

(Concluded on page 276)

Holiday in Paris *(Continued from page 275)*

Paris had changed. It was a city of vice and lust, a city of high-heeled shoes and make-up. Anita turned off the light and got into bed.

"Anita," asked Marjorie suddenly, "are you still—you know?"

It was like those talks in the copse. Their voices dropped lower and lower. ". . . one does not go off the paths in the Bois . . ." ". . . Pierre told me about a place in Montmartre . . ."

God, thought Marjorie ecstatically, I am in Paris! God, send me a boy!

MARJORIE was used to waking early, to half-past-eight breakfast in the morning-room with Mother. But when she woke next morning the flat was still. Anita slept in the next bed, a grimy pink net over her hair, cream on her face. The sky outside the window was a faint pale blue and the air swept over the bed in fresh, cool gusts. Marjorie slipped out of bed on to the balcony.

The streets were hardly alive. Two old women slithered by in carpet-shoes, with long loaves in their hands. In the flat opposite a maid was hanging a feather-bed over the balcony. She smiled at Marjorie. Now and then a motor-horn shrieked in prolonged agony. The leaves on the trees along the avenue shivered almost imperceptibly in the breeze.

To Marjorie it was all ecstasy. Her dark, furtive thoughts of the night before were gone. It didn't matter how she looked or how she dressed. She wanted to learn and study, to go to the Louvre, to feel and understand beauty.

Anita woke up and pressed the bell above her head. For a moment Marjorie was unwilling to speak to her, to break her bliss. Then she surrendered her mood and turned back into the room.

The maid brought a tray: croissants, butter, coffee. It was already an hour later than half-past eight, and Marjorie ate greedily, and irrationally wanted bacon and sausages and porridge.

"What would you like to do?" asked Anita. "Shall we walk in the Bois? Everyone walks in the Bois, and perhaps Simon or Pierre will be there."

"Would you mind if we got my shoes?" said Marjorie timidly. She didn't want to walk in the Bois and meet everyone till she could walk with short, tight steps like the rest of them. And she added, "Perhaps we could go to the Bois to-morrow?"

Anita agreed. She did Marjorie's hair in the little bun, made up Marjorie's face, set the black hat at the precise angle.

Mme. de Mirecourt was in the salon writing letters. Anita kissed her and said, "Bon jour, Maman," and Marjorie shyly said, "Bon jour."

Mme. de Mirecourt looked up. "But what have you done with the child?" she asked. "And what would her mother say?"

Marjorie was awkward and embarrassed. She thought perhaps she looked silly and was sure that Mme. de Mirecourt was laughing at her. Then Madame said, "Tell me, Marjorie, is there anything you want particularly to do in Paris?"

"I have a cousin, Elizabeth Bambridge," said Marjorie eagerly. "She's in a newspaper office here. I should love to see her."

"Indeed you must," said Mme. de Mirecourt. "Anita, telephone Marjorie's cousin and arrange that they meet."

With Anita's help Marjorie got through to her cousin. Mother wouldn't approve, she thought. She'd never liked Elizabeth, who was modern and lived alone in Paris. But Marjorie, who admired Elizabeth, felt that she was for the first time speaking to her on a basis of equality.

Elizabeth suggested that Marjorie should fetch her from her office at four next day. It was near the Opéra in the Boulevard des Italiens. Then she would take Marjorie to dinner with her and bring her back home.

IT was all arranged. Marjorie put on her green coat with the moleskin collar, Anita slipped into something close-fitting and black, and they went down into the street.

They went to the shoe shop by Metro. The shoes were black crêpe-de-Chine and their heels were very high. Marjorie put them on and took her own home in a parcel.

Oh, it was difficult walking in high heels! At every step one's ankles went over, and one kept stumbling and clutching at Anita. But the difference they made to one's coat, one's face, one's age! She was pleased and excited when Pierre rang up and asked Anita to come and have tea with him in the Champs Elysées and bring Marjorie too.

But, despite the high heels, tea was no fun at all. First, it was beastly walking all down the long room looking for a table, feeling so different from everyone else and sometimes stumbling. Then Pierre and Anita talked French and one had to pretend one understood and didn't care. But all round the room were smart, dark women, women with smart, dark men. Only Marjorie in green with a moleskin collar was dowdy and alone. So she ate cream cakes and wanted to go home.

When they got back Simon was there. Simon was a distant cousin of Anita's, and was handsome and gay. He talked to Marjorie in broken English and laughed with her, but you couldn't call it flirting—not the way one was sure he talked to other girls.

Simon and Pierre both stayed to dinner. Afterwards there was talk of a cinema. "We shall go to the new Joan Crawford at the Étoile," said Anita to her mother, but when she got into the lift she whispered, "Let's go to that film, *Séduction*, at the Palais."

The cinema was small and dirty and dark. It was all in French, and Marjorie wished so much she understood more, for it was about a young girl who was the daughter of a signalman and a young man came on a stormy night and seduced her, and you saw him making love to her, much more than in England. Then you almost saw her have a baby, and then she died.

THEY walked home, Simon in front with Marjorie, Pierre with Anita. Once Marjorie looked back and saw that Pierre had his arm round Anita and his face close to hers. But Simon talked gaily to Marjorie and didn't even try to put his arm round her, though she'd dabbed some of Anita's "Vol de Nuit" behind her ears before they came out. Then they got home and turned on the radio and danced, Anita close against Pierre, his lips on her cheeks, and Simon holding Marjorie kindly and correctly and smiling to her "Pardon" when she stumbled.

Simon went, and soon Mme. de Mirecourt came home in a wave of furs and sharp, exciting perfume. They drank coffee and talked about the Joan Crawford film and teased Marjorie about Simon. "Wouldn't he suit you?" they asked. "So tall and handsome," and then, "Look, she's blushing!"

"He's not my type," said Marjorie, angry and hurt because she had wanted Simon badly. "I like men to be fair, with grey eyes and sunburn."

"And who is that?" asked Mme. de Mirecourt archly.

"A man at home," said Marjorie, though it was only the vicar's son, who was fifteen, too, and played tennis rather badly.

"Who would you like most to look like?" asked Anita suddenly.

Marjorie thought. Of course, they didn't quite realise how beautiful she was going to be. "I'd like to look like myself," she said, "if I couldn't look like Garbo. And, anyway, she looked like that first."

They laughed, surprised. You could see them thinking, "A plain girl like Marjorie Turner wanting to look like herself!" But one couldn't tell them how beautiful one was going to be when one had left school, and soon Pierre left and they went to bed.

NEXT morning they walked in the Bois. Marjorie peered furtively among the trees, hoping to see those things of which Anita had whispered, but all was innocent. Sometimes Anita met girl friends, and they walked a little way together. Later Pierre picked them up in his open car, and Marjorie enjoyed that, with the wind and the sun and the shining leaves.

Mme. de Mirecourt was out that afternoon and Pierre came to tea. So it happened that Marjorie set out for the Boulevard des Italiens alone.

She managed the Metro all right, though it meant two changes to the Opéra. The stairs were difficult in the high-heeled shoes, and once she lost one and had to hop down two steps to pick it up. She would have taken a taxi, if it hadn't been for Anita telling her about taxi-drivers being White Slave Traders, but first-class on the Metro was all right.

It began to be difficult when she got out at the Opéra. She walked round and round but nowhere could she see the Boulevard des Italiens, and when she asked people they either didn't understand or gave her long directions that seemed to mean nothing at all.

And then a man spoke to her. She was so shivering and frightened she couldn't hear what he said, but she stammered, "Non, non," and hurried away down the first street she saw. He followed her a little way, still speaking, but she was so frightened she dared not turn to see his face.

Then she looked up at the street-name, and somehow it was the Boulevard des Italiens. It wasn't difficult, then, to find the right number, and she hurried along looking straight in front of her, wondering what it would have been like if she'd turned and faced the man and listened to what he said.

ELIZABETH was surprised at her make-up and her hat. She laughed and asked what Lady Turner would say, and then explained that she couldn't get away for another two hours.

"Why don't you go to a flick to fill in time?" she said. "There are plenty round here, and if you come back in two hours I swear I'll be ready."

She gave Marjorie a quick cup of coffee and walked her to a cinema. It was an enormous place, not at all like the dingy Palais of the night before. Marjorie took her ticket and sat in a deeply-cushioned seat in the warmly-perfumed auditorium.

It was so early that the cinema was almost empty. One could just see heads dotted here and there, sometimes two very close together. Absently, Marjorie watched the screen.

She barely noticed the man who slipped in beside her. He was just another dark shadow in the darkness.

Gently, almost imperceptibly, there was a soft pressure on her leg. She couldn't feel it at all; she could only feel its effect on her—the warm, smooth shiver it sent right through her. Consciously she thought, "I must move," but that was impossible. She sat motionless, shivering.

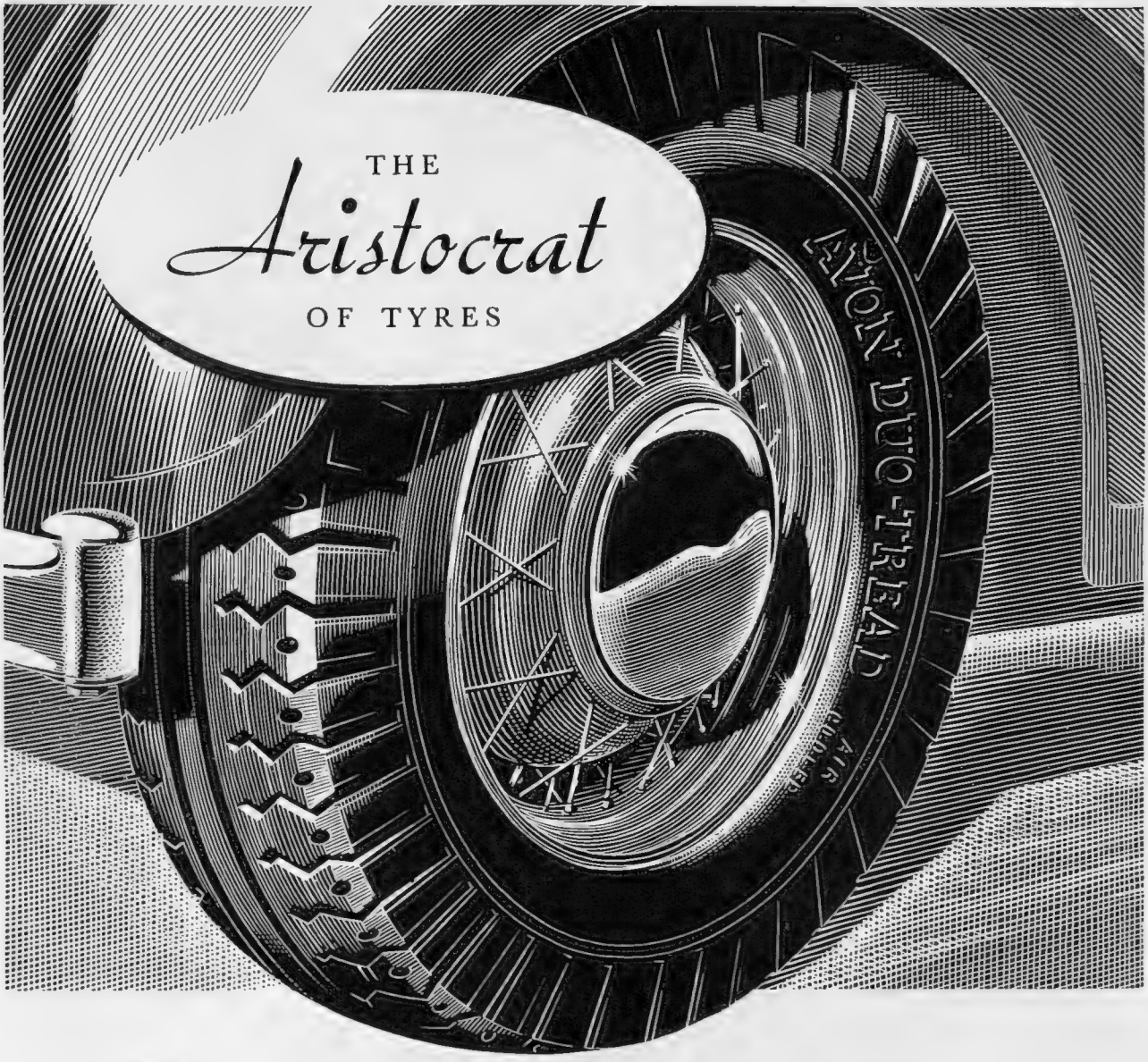
Suddenly she got up and went out. She was afraid he would follow her, but he made no sign, didn't move. It was almost time to meet Elizabeth.

In the Metro, she said to Elizabeth, "A man stroked my leg in the cinema." She hoped her voice was casual, but it came out tremulous and astonished.

SHE sat at a table in Montparnasse and ate red caviar. She was entirely happy. It didn't matter being plain, having two more years at school. She was in Montparnasse eating red caviar and a man had stroked her leg. She was a Woman now.

She was entirely happy.

THE END.



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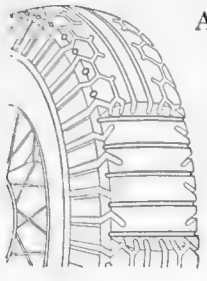

A UNIQUE FEATURE

The illustration shows how the air-cooling holes form the pattern of the second tread after the first tread has worn down.

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Films of the Day

Approval for All Four

By George Campbell

IF *Der Spiegel* (" The Mirror ") is really Paula Wessely's last Austrian picture, it is a thousand pities. It has a charm and a sincerity which the vast majority of American productions, however brilliant, conspicuously lack; and it is a reminder that Miss Wessely herself is an actress of great distinction. She is short and her figure is dumpy, and her best friend couldn't call her beautiful. But none of these things seems to matter. She has an inner beauty, a radiance which is not exactly shy, and is certainly not elfin in the Bergner or Hepburn manner, but is peculiar to herself.

Der Spiegel is a tale of a girl medical student in Vienna, where, as you know, they take their medicine very seriously. The assistant director of the clinic is her husband, fanatically prejudiced against quacks. Her father cures women by telling them to wear a leaf next the skin and take a few drops of something not in the Pharmacopœia. The conflict of loyalties and ideals leads to a moving climax, with some charming comedy by the way. *Der Spiegel* was produced by Oskar Pilzer and directed by Gez von Bolvary.

IF you like mountaineering, or even if you don't, I recommend *The Challenge* as first-class entertainment. It is not quite accurate as history. It was not Edward Whymper, but the guide, who was accused of cutting the rope on that historic 14th of July, 1865, and letting four men drop to a sickening death; and in various other ways the story has been twisted to point the drama and heighten the suspense. That is as it should be. A film producer's job is to entertain: if he can instruct as well, so much the better, but that is and must always be incidental. The moment a film stops to teach or preach it becomes as intolerable as the patronising asides and commentaries so dear to Thackeray.

The Challenge begins none too happily, with dialogue on the stilted side and characterisation a little perfunctory and wooden. Once the climbing starts, all this vanishes. As a non-mountaineer of many years' standing, I found shot after shot quite breathlessly exciting, and when the final assault is made on the Matterhorn the suspense is positively painful. Gunther Stapenhorst, the producer, and Milton Rosmer, the director, had the assistance of Luis Trenker, himself an experienced climber, and he has done a magnificent job. There is no trick photography, except, of course, when the three Englishmen and the guide are killed. The players really climbed the heights you see, really clung to precipices by their eyebrows, and whirled dizzily through space on ropes. The climax, when the rope breaks and the luckless four are plucked like flies from the rocky face and fall half a mile and bounce off into space, and fall and bounce again, like diminishing broken dolls, is one of the most moving I can remember.

Robert Douglas, one of our strongest and manliest young actors, could do with a touch of humour and a less uniformly intense manner, but otherwise is perfectly cast as Whymper; Joan Gardner looks almost pretty enough to induce me to take up mountaineering; Mary Clare gives a clever character sketch, and Luis Trenker, though stiff in the matter of dialogue, is just the man for Carrel, the famous guide who later accompanied Whymper on his expedition to the high Andes.

ANOTHER interesting British picture, proving again that when you get away from formula you generally turn out something worth doing, is Gainsborough's *Owd Bob*. I did not expect to like *Owd Bob*, but I did, and not merely because Will Fyffe and the rival dogs are all good actors. The plot is simple. A newcomer to the Cumberland dales brings with him a sheep-dog called, for some reason which I refuse to condone, Owd Bob. The village drunkard's Black Wull—which also strikes me as just a shade whimsy—has walked off with the championship two years running, and the rivalry becomes pretty tense, with a lot of money on the result. To complicate matters, one of the dogs is suspected of being a sheep-killer, and the finest moments of the film are those in which the owner of the guilty animal has to take his dumb friend (if I may coin a phrase) for a last walk and shoot him. I also liked the dog trials, with the competitors revealing a skill and intelligence which I should call human if the adjective did not so much better fit the behaviour of the sheep.

We all knew that Will Fyffe was a grand comedian. *Owd Bob* establishes his right to be regarded as one of the finest character-actors on the screen. His ne'er-do-well, bragging and scheming, outwitting the villagers with drunken cunning, moving them to shame with his broken, tearful protest against their hostility and giving a quick glance out of bright, malicious eyes to see how it is going down, is an original and convincing creation.

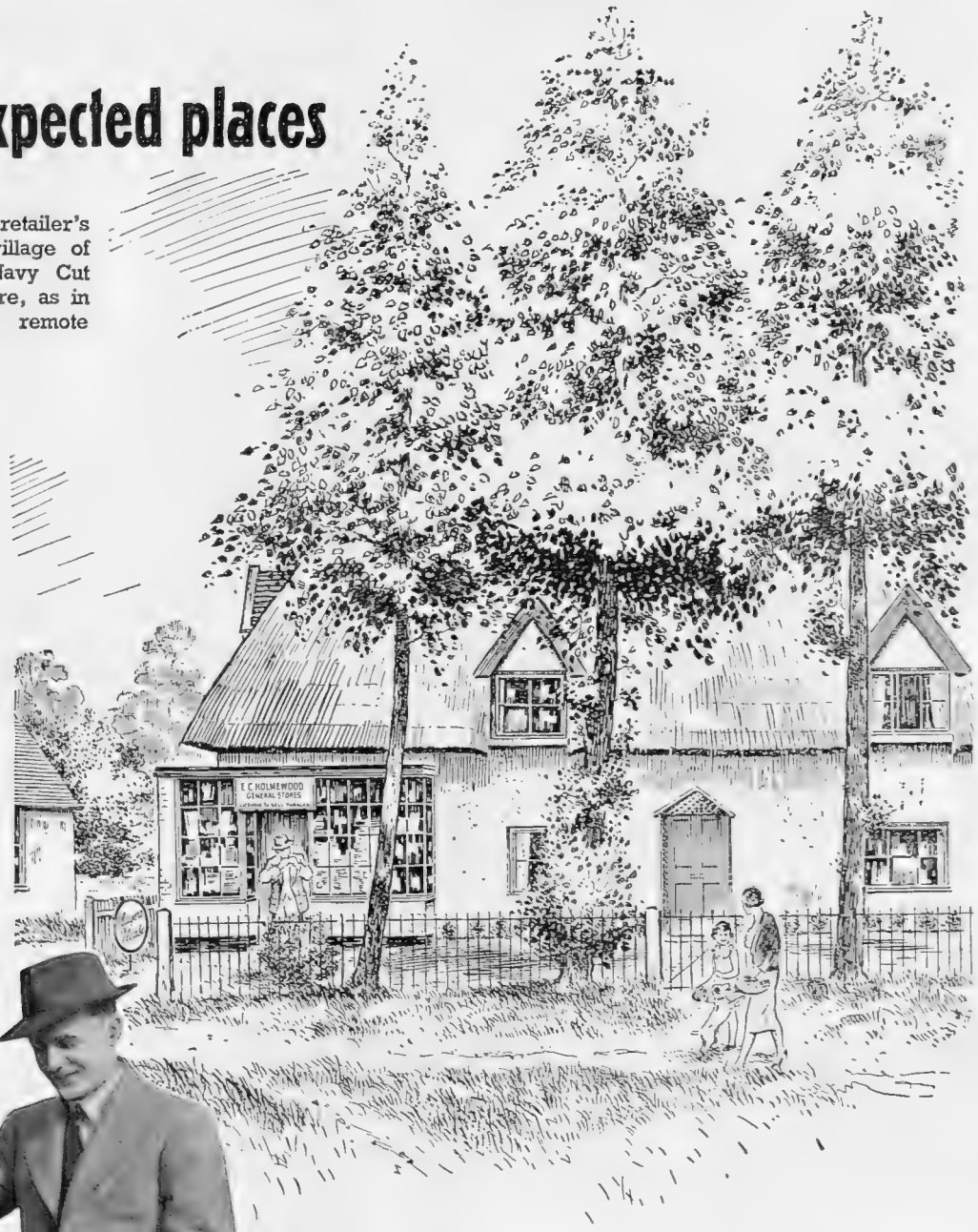
THE third British film of the week, *We're Going to Be Rich*, is technically the least interesting, but will probably have the largest public. Made in this country by Twentieth Century-Fox, it is an attempt to win for Gracie Fields the popularity abroad that she has long enjoyed here; and it may well succeed. The story keeps moving. Monty Banks has packed it with action and amusing incident and stirring scraps, and Miss Fields reveals a gift of pathos inherent in most comedians. Victor McLaglen is not quite in his best form as her shiftless husband; Brian Donlevy makes a hit as an American saloon-keeper in Johannesburg during the gold-rush, and the smaller parts are nearly all well played.

Black Wull and Will Fyffe in "Owd Bob"

Gainsborough have left the beaten track in setting their latest film among the Lake District folk and their sagacious dogs. Will Fyffe is excellent as the cunning, surly and pathetic Scots farmer whose champion, Black Wull, is overcome by a newcomer's, Owd Bob, in the trial and who also loses his daughter to his victor; the young people are John Loder and Margaret Lockwood. "Owd Bob" went to the Gaumont ten days ago

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



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Golf Clubs at Home: Exeter

The Exeter Golf Club was founded in 1895 and from its inception it has been notable for the keenness and cheerful friendliness of its members. The original nine-hole course was in use for thirty years, then new terrain on the Wear House estate was purchased and eighteen holes laid out by James Braid. A fine park-type round is the result. The club-house is particularly luxurious

(1) E. J. Hancock (ex-captain, ex-president, and ex-director). (2) J. W. Webber (secretary). (3) C. F. Stephens (committee member). (4) Capt. F. J. C. Hunter (president). (5) Stuart Smith (committee). (6) N. G. Webber. (7) R. A. R. Saunders (vice-captain), R. E. Spoors (captain), A. Easterbrook (professional). (8) H. S. Drew (director), W. J. Otton (chairman of directors), E. C. Weston (director), Lionel Coles (ex-captain). (9) Sheriff J. G. R. Orchard, T. J. W. Templeman, R. J. Rew (Mayor of Exeter)

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

Wentworth Scratch Foursomes

Miss Jessie Anderson and Miss Wanda Morgan (centre pair) won the Wentworth Foursomes at the end of a week of fine and successful golf. They beat the holders, Miss Sheila Stroyan and Miss Joan Pemberton (standing each side of them), in the first round

WOMEN'S golf is working steadily up to the peak week at Burnham and Berrow, and presumably, after watching a good many of the best of the Southern—and some Northern—golfers during the last two months, I may be expected to express some sort of opinion on what is likely to happen there. I would much rather not. If we get enough rain in the next few days for the course to play normally, it seems to me that it will take a mighty good player to prevent Miss Jessie Anderson holding on to that Championship cup; she may even do so with the ball running like fifty thousand scalded cats, and kicking like a company of mules. But this, mind you, is written before seeing how the course is suiting Mrs. Andrew Holm, always liable to beat anybody and everybody; how Miss Pam Barton, having assimilated Cotton's teaching, has settled down to play the golf of which she is undoubtedly capable; whether Miss Diana Fishwick might not have a come-back; or whether a dozen other things might not happen. There is, for instance, always Mrs. Garon to be reckoned with, and Miss Phyllis Wade, and Miss Gourlay. This seems a very conservative sort of estimate, and it would be rare fun, of course, to see somebody brand new. But who that might be, I cannot for the life of me imagine.

The last events I have watched have all thrust Miss Jessie Anderson into my notice, and the more one sees of that reasoned, seasoned, and altogether dependable player, the more convincing she seems. She and Miss Morgan crowned BYSTANDER Medal Foursomes and Vesta meeting by annexing the Wentworth Scratch Foursomes, a pretty consistent week of it, even allowing that it was only what they ought to have done.

THOSE Wentworth Foursomes, for the most attractive Bridgeland trophies, saw some excellent golf, the only pity being that the quantity of entries by no means matched the quality. They ought to be such a valuable try-out for Curtis Cup pairings; but, since Miss Morgan is declared a non-amateur, that obvious and brilliant partnership is unavailing for international purposes, and, good though Miss Fishwick and Miss Hamilton proved as runners-up, it seems rather unlikely that these two will be sent to America, unless Burnham gives a very strong pointer in that direction.

It is always satisfactory when holders are only beaten by the eventual winners, and Miss Sheila Stroyan and Miss Joan Pemberton, though it did mean defeat in the first round, had every reason to be pleased with their highly creditable show against Miss Morgan and Miss Anderson. After all, these holders are both young enough to have a last try for the Girls' Championship this September, though one forgets it on hearing that Miss Pemberton was runner-up to Mrs. Whitfield in the Cheshire, and only lost 1 down and 3 and 2 to Miss Elsie Corlett when that county played Lancashire. Miss Anderson and Miss Morgan let off a string of fireworks at them, beginning with a pitch nearly holed for two at the first hole (360 yards), continuing with a tee-shot an inch or two from the twelfth, and yet only ending on the sixteenth, where the better ball of the match was three under fours.

The winners were taken a hole further by both Miss Dorrit Wilkins and Mrs. Wilfrid Walker in the semi-final and Miss Fishwick and Miss Hamilton in the final, the latter pair constantly giving as good as they got, though lacking the machine-like steadiness of Miss Anderson's side. Still, they had the first nine out in the semi-final in 35, which takes some doing over the East Course at Wentworth. Miss Fishwick's length on the dry ground was astonishing; she outran Miss Morgan pretty consistently; that is one of the reasons why she cannot be forgotten in any Burnham forecast.

THE visit of the South Africans is delighting all their hosts and hostesses, everybody being unanimous in saying how charming they are. So much so, that of their actual golf, one has so far heard very little, though they have been doing stout work in the West. More must be told next week, not from hearsay, but first-hand. Just at present one needs a multiple mind, let alone body, for all the golf going on, and mention can only be brief.

Yorkshire and Lancashire Championships have both seen surprises, for Miss R. Robinson, of Formby, is not a name to be found in their county team, and it is a little doubtful if the world at large would have expected Miss Kathleen Merry to beat Mrs. Rhodes in Yorkshire. However, she did, by 3 and 2, and went on entirely satisfactorily to win the championship, with Miss Rowlands as runner-up.

The position in the south-eastern counties is still obscure, though Hampshire and Middlesex, by each beating the other once at Liphook, seem to have narrowed the issue to a struggle between Surrey and Sussex.

AS for the *Daily Telegraph's* National Tournament, there is vast enthusiasm and some grand scoring going on—witness, especially Mrs. Heppel's 73 at Addington, which broke the women's record for the old course; Miss B. Soper's 74 net at St. Enodoc; Mrs. Barton's (the mother of Mervyn and Pam) 74 net at Royal Mid-Surrey; Miss Barbara Lees' win at Huddersfield; Miss Violet Kerr's at Sheringham. Well-known names will not lack in the District Finals, though this is a handicap event.

Three Members of the South African Team at Tavistock

Mrs. J. Douglas, playing an iron shot, comes from the Parkview G.C., Johannesburg

Miss Wain Winter's club is the Royal Johannesburg; she was playing an approach

Miss Beryl Lang, another member of the South African team at present touring England, is with Miss M. Clarke

Mrs. W. N. Leaf *put on a horse-blanket to inspect with Lady Patricia Hibbert the ponies in the Hurlingham practice game between Edmundsbury and the Rangers. Their husbands were on opposing sides, Major Leaf playing back for the Rangers, Mr. Hugh Hibbert playing 3 for Edmundsbury. Result: 19—13½ to the Rangers*

Mrs. C. T. I. Roark *went to watch her husband play No. 3 for the Knaves in their Whitney Cup-tie against Someries House at Hurlingham. Captain Roark has a 9 handicap, his side's aggregate was 27; they couldn't make up the difference on their opponents' 20. Result: 10—5 to Someries House*

The Duke of Gloucester *played No. 1 for the Rangers "A" in a second-round tie at Hurlingham for the Colts' Cup, and scored a fine goal in the fifth chukka, but his side couldn't beat the Wanderers after their month's drill at Minehead under Gerald Balding (No. 3), seen here with His Royal Highness. Result: 6½—5 to the Wanderers*

Horses on the Track, Horses Playing Ball

The Human Element in Last Week's Racing and Polo

The Hon. Peter Beatty, *who was with Mrs. Robin Wilson at the first of two days of enjoyable racing provided by the Kempton Park Jubilee meeting, wore a soft collar with a bowler hat*

Mr. John Nelson, *the man of this quintet, wore a soft collar and a soft hat at Kempton Park. The other (visible) three were Miss Hastings, Lady Lewes and Lady Jane Nelson*

And Mr. D'Arcy Lambton *reversed Mr. Beatty's dress mixture by wearing a hard collar with a soft hat. He was at Kempton with the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax*

RARE SILVER

Connoisseurs can tell the maker, the town of origin and the date of every piece of silverware by examining the Hall Marks. The Hall Marks on this beautiful vase, for instance, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, shew that it was made by Paul Storr in 1810-11, with decorations added later.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

Because all genuine products of high quality should be identifiable without difficulty, Bass, the Vintage Ale of England, is recognised by the world-renowned Triangle. This—the first mark to be registered under the Trade Marks Act—is the guide and guarantee for all who appreciate pure ale made from none but the finest barley-malt and hops, further enhanced with the unique virtues of water from the Bass wells at Burton.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton, Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

Howard Marshall on Sport

A GREAT deal of rubbish has been written about McCormick, the Australian bowler, and his no-balling propensities. Particularly fantastic is the suggestion that Larwood might be called in to help him cure his run-up to the wicket.

This appeared in a Sunday newspaper, and it seems to me beyond the bounds of reason that such entirely unfounded stories should be published. They stir up just the kind of rumour and argument which we particularly wish to avoid in cricket—and every other game worthy of the salt, for that matter.

It is probably the consequence of sensational journalism of this kind that crowds barrack bowlers like McCormick when they happen to hit a batsman with a short-pitched ball.

The fact that McCormick is bowling short is liable to worry the Australians far more than it does any English batsman; and that 's all there is to it.

The Australians need no controversy to keep them in the news. They will make the headlines spontaneously throughout the season, particularly if youngsters like Hassett and Badcock continue to flourish. I take pride in having picked Hassett as the most likely of the lot after seeing him play a few strokes at Worcester in the first match. But he is one of those batsmen whose quality is evident from the moment they take their first ball. Hassett has studiously modelled himself on Bradman; and all the quick footwork of the master is there. But his methods are his own—highly individual and wholly delightful to watch.

Badcock is an entirely different type of player. The butcher of bad bowling, as against the fine carver of delicate joints, Badcock drives and hooks and square-cuts with terrific power. And it rather looks as if he may open Australia's innings with Fingleton.

IT certainly is one of Australia's problems to decide upon their opening batsmen, and also for them to find their opening bowlers. I do not say this grudgingly, but in a sense the Australians have been extraordinarily fortunate. They began their tour at Worcester on a wicket which could not have been more of a batsman's paradise in July or August. They lost the toss and were put in—a quixotic action by the Hon. C. J. Lyttelton which enabled them to strike their most confident form right away.

Then at Oxford, on another feather-bed wicket, they won the toss again, and made 600-odd runs against what must be described as rather indifferent bowling. And by that time their tails were right up. At Leicester they continued their heavy scoring, and by now all their potential run-getters have had wonderful opportunities of practice out in the middle, with the ball coming through to them at the easiest possible pace.

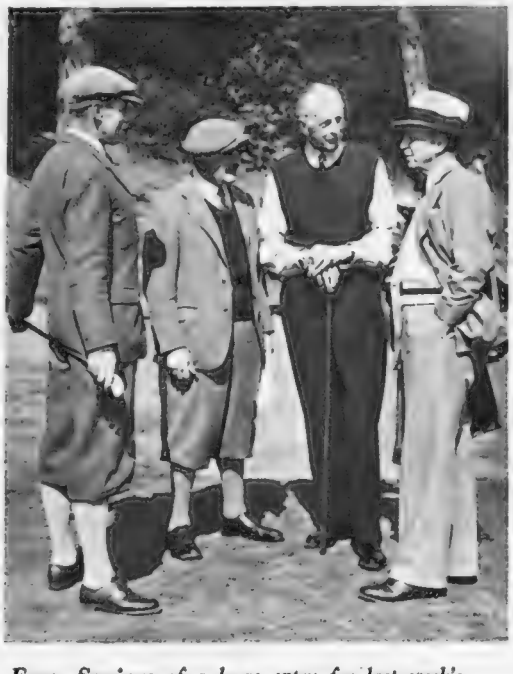
I am not at all sure that in future years Australia should not have to begin their tour by playing Yorkshire, let us say, instead of being allowed to settle down at their leisure.

(Concluded on page 286)

A Yorkshireman *robbed Yorkshire of victory over Oxford by scoring 108 and forcing a draw. He is E. J. H. Dixon (Christ Church), the Oxford secretary and acting captain*

After Oxford's *came Cambridge's turn to provide the Australians with batting and bowling practice. Lovely weather and a lovely ground and Cambridge all out for 120 in the first innings made Fingleton and Bradman smile as they went out after tea to continue an exhibition of faultless cricket*

The Royal Scots Greys *were beaten in the Whitney Cup tournament's first match by Mr. Charles Wrightsman's Rangers. Capt. Humphrey Guinness, who was not on his best form, played back for the Greys and is here in a duel with Mr. Wrightsman. Result: 17—8½ to the Rangers, who conceded 5½ goals*



Four Seniors *of a large entry for last week's Worplesdon meeting were Mr. C. Ambrose, Major J. H. Hind, Col. Sir Albert Bingham and Lt.-Col. F. J. Popham; the last won the Oversea Cup (handicap) with 67. South African Seniors have just issued an invitation for a tour to British Seniors*

The Gold Vase *offered by "Golf Illustrated" (more pictures, p. 288) drew entries from E. F. Storey and Lord Lurgan. The former returned third best score, 151*

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Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 284)*

As for lawn tennis, Great Britain's newly constituted Davis Cup team had rather a horrid shock against Rumania. Great Britain won in the end, and in three days' time we shall be facing Jugoslavia at Zagreb.

We knew that we had no Perrys or Austins in the Rumanian affair, but we hardly expected to see C. M. Jones lose both his singles against C. Caralulis. Jones seemed to forget all he ever knew about serious match play. And however charitably disposed towards him we may be, it is a little difficult to believe that he has the temperament for Davis Cup encounters.

Shayes did quite well, particularly against Caralulis, when his volleying powers were manifest. As for the suggestion that has been made rather widely that the Rumanian players were treated with discourtesy, I have the best of authority for saying that these stories are entirely inaccurate. The Rumanians were naturally handicapped by linguistic difficulties at Harrogate; but they were looked after assiduously, and were perfectly contented.

It is too early yet to say much about the form of Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, who is intent on regaining the Wimbledon title. At Highbury last week, in the early rounds, at least, she very quickly proved that she retains all her speed and power of stroke. If she really is in her best form, it is hard to see anyone beating her, though one or two of the younger entry may press her hard.

Miss N. Wynne, of Australia, is an extremely interesting player, for she hits the ball so hard, and obviously so joyfully, and her service is so fierce and formidable that she is exhilarating to watch. She has not yet added steadiness to her aggression, and a counter-thrust of sufficient intensity may shake her out of her game. But she remains a menace to every player she encounters.

It seems odd to switch from lawn tennis to Association football, but I cannot help watching with some anxiety the doings of the English eleven who are touring Europe. I write this before they have played their match with Germany; but they still have to meet Switzerland and France—and the Swiss match at Zurich is likely to be their stiffest test.

What worries me about it is that these European countries take international matches of this kind with the utmost solemnity, and trumpet them in their newspapers as trials of national fitness. If an England eleven is beaten abroad, it becomes one more proof of Great Britain's moral and physical degeneration.

This particular England team may do well, though in point of fact players have had no chance whatever to settle down or practise together, and some of them are meeting one another for the first time. What is more, they make this trip at the end of a strenuous season in this country, and they regard it as a holiday.

I am convinced that these European tours should be discontinued unless we can send representative and properly trained teams.

Tommy Farr, by the way, is home again, and looking well, and anxious for fights. Whether it will be possible to accommodate him is not yet certain, though I gather that a return with Walter Neusel is the most likely of his engagements.

I certainly think it is time we had another chance of seeing him in action over here.

***The British Davis Cup team** gave its Selectors and its public some thoughtful moments over its unconvincing victory at Harrogate, where Rumania lost by only 3—2. This picture was taken before that match and shows Frank Wilde, Donald Butler, Clarence Jones, H. Roper Barrett (non-playing captain), Barnes Bailey (trainer and masseur), Ronald Shayes, Daniel Maskell (coach). Now Charles Hare, back from America, has replaced Jones and the team has left for Zagreb (of ominous reputation) to meet Rumania: play begins there on Friday*

***The South African team** of women lawn tennis players, which is to make a tour in England, were out practising at Surbiton last week. Photographed in action were Miss S. Piercey (above) and Miss O. Craze*

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Cecil Kimber

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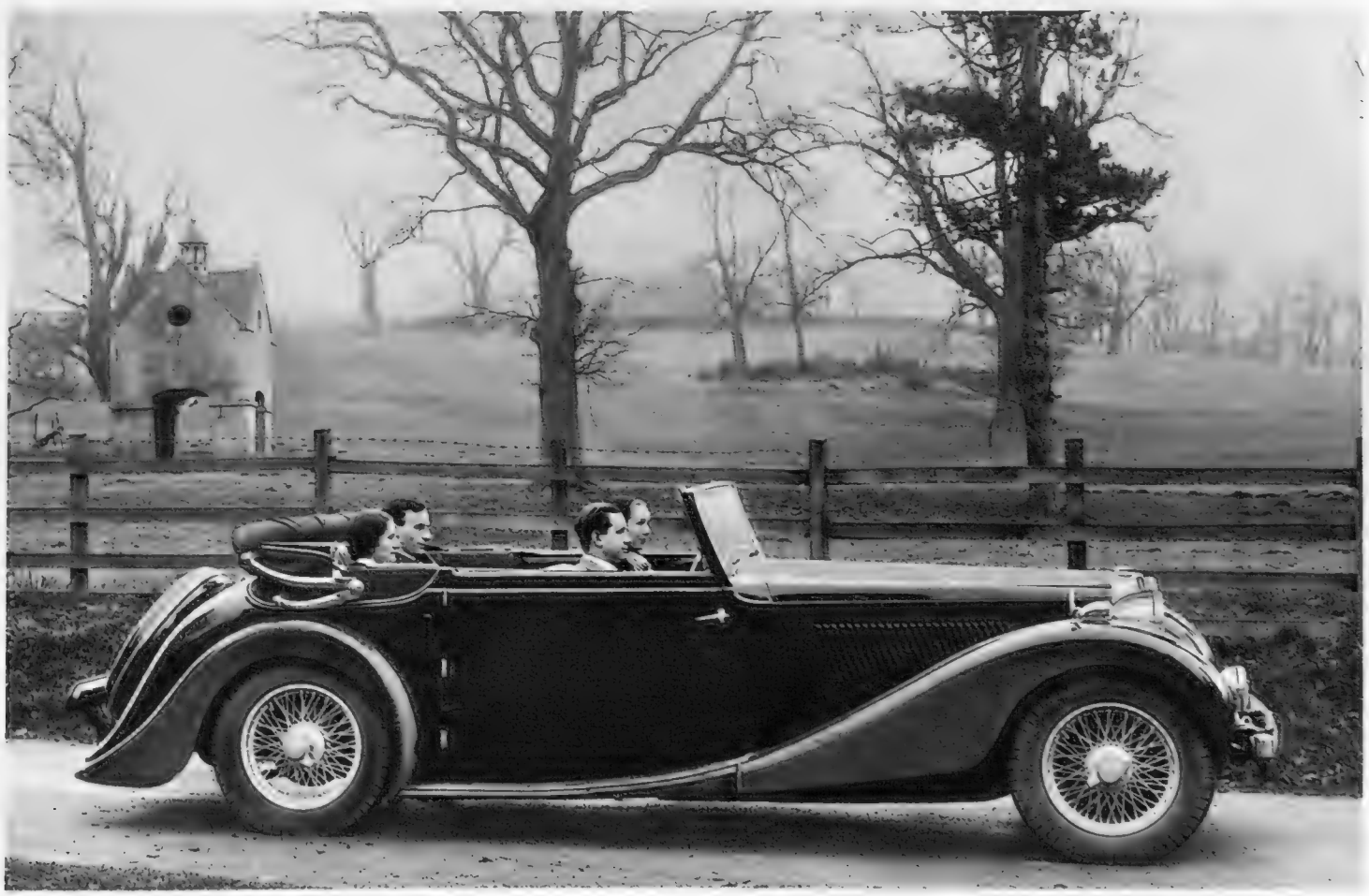

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Do You Like Them Hard or Soft?

Mr. Morrison is one of the Selectors of the Walker Cup team, and therefore is debarred from commenting on the recent trials or the prospects of the match.

THE greens at Moortown, near Leeds, when the English Championship was played last month, were, some weeks before the event, in a far from satisfactory condition, and it was clear, long before the Championship, that they would not be good unless favourable weather was experienced. The lack of rain made it impossible for them to be improved to any great extent, as the dressings and applications of fertilisers had no chance of being washed in; consequently, they were very hard and rather rough, but they cannot be blamed in the slightest degree for defeat of a single player.

Those players—and there were several—who blamed the rough conditions of the greens for their defeats, were the type of men who would have found some other excuse for their defeats if the greens had been in perfect condition, and it would most assuredly not have been the correct one—namely, their own inferior play.

Many of the greens looked bare and rough, but those players who hit their putts smoothly and rolled the ball over and over, putted well; while those who stabbed and jabbed their putts quite rightly got very poor results, and would probably have got similar results, in comparison to their opponents, if the greens had been perfect. When putts are struck smoothly and cleanly, the ball runs over any irregularities on the putting surface and is deflected little from its true course, while the stabbed putt is easily thrown off its line by the slightest irregularity.

IT was a real pleasure to see once more greens which could not be approached with any hope of success with high shots played with lofted clubs.

It was quite clear early in the Championship that only a real golfer who could, at will, hit the ball low as well as high, had any possible chance of final victory.

Those players whose usual method of approach is a high pitch, right up to the hole, will squeal for many months about the greens at Moortown. First, because they were a little rough; and secondly, and mainly, because, as they had not been overwatered, the ball could not be pitched up to the hole with immunity.

Frank Pennink proved himself indeed a very worthy champion by winning his two English championships, last year and this, on courses whose greens were firm and on which headwork and technique were essential for victory.

THERE are, too, many winners of championships at the present time who have never won and are never likely to win on a course with firm greens; their victories have been obtained on courses where the greens have been either over-watered or have been made soft by excessive rain.

Many of our leading players, both professional and amateur, even appear to consider it unfair, and that the game is fluky, unless it is played on courses where the greens are so soft that the approach shots can be pitched right up to the hole and stopped without any difficulty, or, in some cases, even skill.

I am afraid that some of our golfers who complain when the greens are firm are players who are often referred to as beautiful strikers. These players again and again pitch when a pitch-and-run or a run-up shot is obviously the best and also the safest shot to play. When, owing entirely to their ill-advised tactics, they are beaten, they immediately say to everyone they can find to listen, "Why on earth do they not water the greens?" It is sad to see that so many of the so-called beautiful strikers are also beautiful losers; you can find the names of several of them among the defeated at Moortown, and many of them owed their defeats to playing high shots when low shots pitching short of the greens were the obvious shots to attempt.

I WAS particularly interested to hear what our leading professionals thought of the course of the Northumberland G.C. at Gosforth Park, where the *Daily Mail* finals were played this year, as it is the second golf club of which I was a member. One of our leading professionals with great experience told me that he considered it a good course in good condition, and then added, "Of course, some of the youngsters groused because the greens were not over-watered. They expect everything to be made too easy for them nowadays."

Anyway, Alfred Perry won at Gosforth Park, and Frank Pennink at Moortown, and no one can say that these two are not real golfers and worthy winners.

I HAVE no sympathy with those who argue that you cannot have good greens unless you have a water-supply laid on. Before the war hardly a course had water laid on to the greens and yet the greens of those days provided better putting and also better approaching than they do at present for most of the year.

I grant you that they were, during a drought, often burnt up for short periods, but you cannot get away from the fact that they produced better putting on more days per year than the present-day greens do when their water-supplies are used to excess.

The watering of greens should only be done when it is absolutely necessary to water, and then as little water should be put on as possible. Of course, the water-supply can be used to great advantage to water-in dressings and fertilisers, etc.

Several courses were watered this year in March; I cannot see how it can possibly be advisable to water so early in the year.

***C. J. Anderson,** of Northwood, was the Scottish winner of the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase at Bramshot; his score was 150 for 36 holes*

***Andrew McNair,** of Sunningdale, was the Scottish runner-up for the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase at Bramshot; his score was 152. Henry Longhurst (left) shared with him the best score for the morning round, 72, and shared in a potation*

***The Gold Vase** competition fell on the first of last week's true summer days which exhilarated everyone but the farmers, including Robert Sweeny, the Hon. Max Aitken and A. Stevenson. The Amateur champion and holder was playing a new set of longer clubs and returned 159. Aitken's score was 160*

Standing...

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Waugh Among the Journalists

By Alan Thomas

EVELYN WAUGH'S latest novel, *Scoop* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an amusing book—in places very amusing. It provides just the kind of entertainment one expects from its author: and how nice it is not to be let down. His particular target this time is journalism—a large enough target to present ample opportunity for scoring. Indeed, for so expert a marksman as Mr. Waugh the shooting at times may seem a bit too easy, in the sense that his satire is now and then more schoolboyish than subtle. But he gets his laughs. And that is the chief thing. Now, according to Mr. Waugh, the great point to remember about journalists—and this is the burden of the satire—is that they get everything magnificently wrong. The mistakes they make are not just niggling little oversights: they are large-scale, devastating errors. When, for example, a novelist of the name of Boot is recommended by a society beauty to Lord Copper, owner of the *Daily Beast*, for a first-class foreign assignment, the recommendation is, of course, acted upon. Copper's minions are summoned and Boot is sent packing off abroad. Boot? Why, certainly. The *right* Boot? Not on your life! The Boot that is sent is no more a novelist than Lord Copper himself: he just happens to be a humble contributor on country matters to the *Daily Beast*. He is no kind of journalist. Herein, of course, lies his virtue. Ishmaelia, the African Ruritania, whither Boot is sent to report on the impending civil war, quickly becomes front-page news. And while the famous news-hawks who swoop down upon the place are busy working up scares and flashing them to their respective papers in journalistic telegraphese, Boot just mouches round and sends long cables about nothing. "NO NEWS AT PRESENT," he wires, after being warned that the rate for service cables is one-and-sixpence a word, "THANKS WARNING ABOUT CABLING PRICES BUT I 'VE PLENTY MONEY LEFT AND ANYWAY WHEN I OFFERED TO PAY WIRELESS MAN SAID IT WAS ALL RIGHT PAID OTHER END RAINING HARD HOPE ALL WELL ENGLAND WILL CABLE AGAIN IF ANY NEWS." But because he isn't a journalist it happens that he hits on a real scoop: though almost unaware of it himself, he thinks he might as well pass on the message to his paper, and then, of course, he is, so far as Lord Copper is concerned, a made man. And a fresh trail of errors, blazed by the Press Peer's slaves, concludes the riot. For that is what this book is—a riot of brassy, breezy brilliance from beginning to end. Evelyn Waugh hopes it will sell a hundred thousand copies. I shouldn't wonder.

SOME time ago Miss Stella Gibbons wrote a fairy-story for young people. Now she has obliged with a fairy-story called *Nightingale Wood* (Longmans; 8*s.* 6*d.*), for you and me, dear reader. Consider the plot. In a desolate part of Essex there was a dark, grim Victorian house. And in it lived a joyless old couple with their two spinster daughters. The only son has just died, and because he has left no money his silly, pretty widow Viola has to come and live with her in-laws. They don't like her, because she was once a shop-girl in the village. And then Viola meets the local Prince Charming, and falls straight away in love with him. But he isn't ready for Cinderella, because he is enamoured of a Hard Young Thing. Then Viola goes to town, has a new permanent-wave, and buys a lovely frock, which makes her the belle of the local Infirmary Ball. It is there that the rich young man becomes Viola-conscious, and that 's the beginning of the end. He quarrels with his hard-faced young woman, and Viola forgives him for having made an improper suggestion. They are married in the village church and, Miss Gibbons assures us, lived happily ever after. And in case this isn't too good to be true, there is also the sub-story of the plain little sister-in-law who elopes with her father's young chauffeur. Her parents cast her from their door, but open it again when the chauffeur's new employer leaves him something over a hundred thousand pounds. And this marriage is happy too. But what fun Miss Gibbons has and gives in the telling of this luscious romance! She makes most of her characters behave as idiotically as real people do, and all are victims of her satiric wit. Because Miss Gibbons is a poet, her lovely descriptions of the Essex countryside make it a fit setting for a fairy-tale. *Nightingale Wood* is, in short, a book of the most beautiful nonsense.

The 1938 Rome Scholar

Albert Pountney, of the Wolverhampton School of Arts and Crafts, and the Royal College of Art, has won the 1938 Rome Scholarship for Sculpture. This equestrian statue won him the award, and he was photographed with it at the Imperial Gallery of Art, South Kensington, where entries were on view

FOR short stories I can confidently recommend Mr. Laurence Kirk's *Mushrooms on Toast* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The book contains sixteen stories and the selection is admirably varied. Some are grave, some gay: some have a psychological interest, others a detective flavour. In one Mr. Kirk invests an old clock with life and personality; in another he gives us an admirably rounded sketch of a sleeping-car attendant who travels between London and Edinburgh, managing to keep a wife and family ready to receive him at each end of the journey. The high spot for humour, I thought, was the story entitled *H.M.S. Tremendous*, which tells how a destroyer, on patrol off the coast of Spain, was suddenly inundated with a party of Spanish refugees—thirty-two of them, and all under four years of age, save for three women who were in the last stages of pregnancy. It was a tragic enough situation for the refugees, but for Mr. Kirk's readers it was rich with amusing possibilities, and he exploits them to the full. I happened to read this book on a railway journey which would normally have been long and tiresome; that it proved, in fact, the reverse, was due to Mr. Kirk's excellent savoury—*Mushrooms on Toast*.

FROM Norway via America comes *Northern Summer*, by Gøsta af Geijerstam, translated by Joran Birkeland (Collins; 5*s.*). This is a brief impression of life as it was lived one summer by a Norwegian family on a remote island in one of the Norwegian fjords. It is a simple story of everyday happenings—how the family found the island, how the deaf dairymaid, Marthe, turned up to help with the farm, how they took in the hay, how the children played their games and asked their questions and celebrated their birthdays, how a pet eider-duck died, and how the coming of autumn put an end to the sojourn on the island. The story, told in a natural and entirely unpretentious style, communicates to the reader something of its own sense of peace. "Only an infrequent newspaper gave us evidence that the rest of the world existed at all." One reader at least was left with the feeling that there is a good deal to be said for isolation.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The enormous choice of attractive new fabrics, both printed and plain, makes every woman long for an entirely new wardrobe. Celanese in particular are to be congratulated on the many fascinating new materials they are showing this season. These include printed ninon, which is ideal for summer blouses and evening dresses. It is available either striped in all sorts of gay colours, or printed in various conventional designs. There is also a new jewelled ninon which is perfect for romantic picture frocks, as it lends itself to soft folds and spreading skirts. For the more sophisticated type of dress Celanese have created a series of jersey fabrics which drape beautifully and hang in graceful folds. Sports Crêpe is a new material for beach and everyday summer dresses. It is used for the model above, which is simply tailored and piped in a contrasting shade of petunia. Like all Celanese fabrics, it is sold practically everywhere, but in case of difficulty, all enquiries must be addressed to Celanese House, Hanover Square

It is never any use trying to economise on shoes when budgeting a dress allowance, as nothing is more important than a well-shod foot. The ideal plan, of course, is to have a different pair for every dress, but if this is not feasible, let Dolcis, of 350, Oxford Street, and Brompton Road, help you to choose those shoes which are absolutely necessary. The group on the right shows two different linen shoes to wear with linen frocks. The pair on the far side are toeless sandals trimmed with white kid. They cost 35s., and are obtainable in various colours. There is also an unusual and very attractive linen bag carrying out the same design. The flat-heeled tie shoes on the left are likewise toeless and cost 25s. 9d. They are made in several shades of linen, piped and laced in a contrasting colour, and have a bag to match

Stand in the Sun

Step into the magic circle above and let your feet be charmed by Dolcis shoes. All except the toeless pair in white calf on the far left are in white buckskin, which always looks well with summer frocks. An attractive toeless sandal elaborately punched and piped in a contrasting calf is seen at the top of the circle, next to a tan and white Court shoe with cross-over panels and small air holes. The latter is also available in blue and white, and costs 45s. Further round is a perforated tie shoe also in tan and white, with a medium heel, for 49s. 6d. Another type of Court shoe is shown at the bottom of the circle. This has wide perforations, a Spanish heel and bows in front

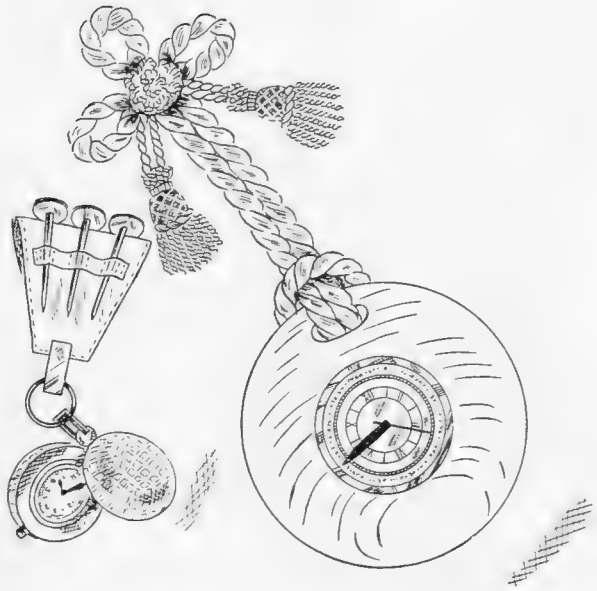
In addition to an extensive collection of American and Continental shoes, Dolcis design attractive handbags so that every woman can have her accessories matching. The white perforated bag in the circle above is primarily designed to go with the toeless shoes next to it on the left, though it could also be used with the rest of the group. It is envelope-shaped and very roomy. Now that printed fabrics are so fashionable, Dolcis are showing sandals in printed piqué like the pair on the far left. These are toeless and only cost 22s. 6d. They are delightfully cool and have slim Cuban heels. Next to them on the right is an openwork toeless sandal piped in a contrasting colour. It has cut-away sides and an open back

Scott Bushe

the bystander twins in search of Novelties

discovered by peta

pictured by pam



The watch on the right is by no means for golfers only, though it naturally has a special appeal for those who play. It is fitted with a strap for carrying tees and should be worn round the waist, attached to a belt. The workings of the watch itself are very reliable, and it comes from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly

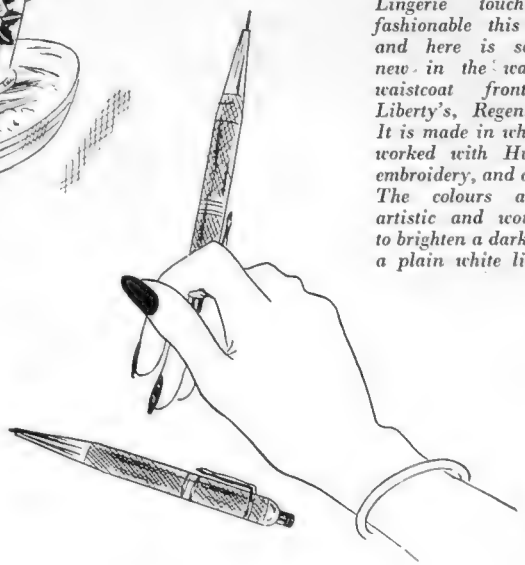
Fob watches have proved so fashionable that Fortnum and Mason are showing them in giant sizes for hanging on the wall. This one costs six guineas and is obtainable with either a dark or a light wood frame. It is attached to a thick cord and is very decorative in a modern setting

Those who are looking for presents, both large and small, should visit the gift department at Fortnum and Mason, as it is full of ideas. An excellent souvenir for froth-blowers would be this glass beer tankard for 8s. 6d. It is painted with a hilarious figure of a dog, who obviously thinks that "beer is best"

Lingerie touches are fashionable this season, and here is something new in the way of a waistcoat front from Liberty's, Regent Street. It is made in white linen worked with Hungarian embroidery, and costs 25s. The colours are very artistic and would help to brighten a dark frock or a plain white linen suit

Another way of introducing a touch of colour is to wear this collar and jabot in white muslin embroidered in coloured silks. They are hand-worked by Rumanian peasants and look charming on white or pastel shades. The set with cuffs costs 11s. 9d. at Liberty's

In case you wake up thirsty, Fortnum and Mason are showing special boudoir sets for a bedside table. They consist of a glass and jug on a round tray for 21s. 6d., and are available with various attractive designs, including stars and stripes



Though this pencil may look just like any other, it is really rather ingenious, as it refills itself. In other words, as soon as one lead is exhausted, all you have to do is to press a lever and another appears. Meyrowitz, 157, Regent Street, have it for 15s. 6d.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The field for the J.C.C. Trophy is here rounding the 180° bend into the stretch past the pits, prior to the rolling start. Raymond Mays (E.R.A.) is in the lead, followed by Prince Birabongse (Maserati), with Pat Maclure, in his winning Riley, jockeying up on the outside of the curve (No. 30). No. 9, just behind No. 10, is J. Paul in the ill-fated Delage which, 300 yards farther on, was to break into flames and charge the spectators

It was terribly hard luck on the Junior Car Club that such an excellent race as this year's International Trophy should have been marred by such a tragic and absolutely unavoidable accident as that which involved Paul and a number of hapless spectators. So far as Brooklands and the Junior Car Club are concerned, no one in his right senses could suggest that either body is to blame in the matter. As Press Secretary of the race, my duties took me to Brooklands on each of the practice days preceding it, and I can vouch from personal observation for the painstaking care with which the safety of both the competitors and the spectators was studied and catered for by the organisers. If anyone had asked me, I should not have hesitated to express the view that the point at which the car crashed into the crowd was one of the safest anywhere around the course from which to watch.

It is an amazing and melancholy coincidence that Paul's car should have ended up within a foot or two of the spot where the ill-fated Talbot cars crashed in a previous J.C.C. race and where the late Major Harvey crashed his Alvis in yet another J.C.C. event earlier still.

Let us not lose our sense of values over this unhappy accident because a large number of scurrilous photographs of it have appeared and because distasteful captions were put to some of them in certain sensation-loving papers. Many people lose their lives each summer in bathing and boating accidents, but no one suggests that such pastimes are unreasonable. Again, each winter brings a crop of croppers in the hunting-field, yet it would be more than absurd to condemn the sport (if sport it be) as unduly dangerous—except for the hunted!

No; the Brooklands accident was just One of Those Things, and whilst sympathising

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Wicked stepmother of trade recessions, the Stock exchange has had much to answer for in recent months. Her untimely attack of nerves has curtailed the spending power of the nation in a quick and vicious circle. The old witch has surprisingly pleasant minions. The stockbroker is often a man of high moral character who is received everywhere, and not only because he wears good clothes. His clothes have to be good, if he is to be successful. They must have style—in its most modern form—so that he has the appearance of prosperity and good taste so necessary to create confidence. And they must be hard wearing, in order to carry him through times of recession. Such clothes are expensive. It must be galling to him to realise that, as an investment, he can offer nothing to approach them.

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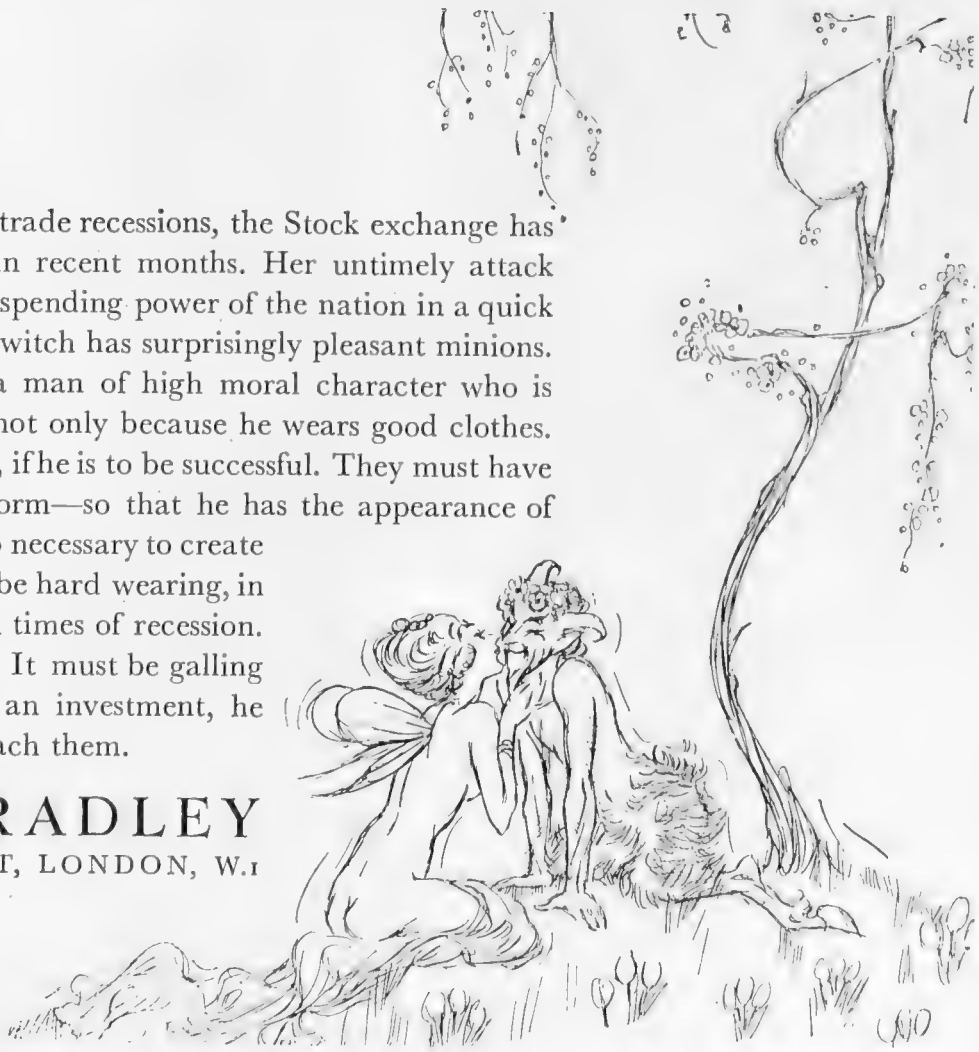

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"She's pretty snappy . . . on 'BP' Ethyl!"

BP ETHYL

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK

FASTEST for cars

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page vi)*

The Hillman "Minx" Foursome Drophead Coupé.
Mr. Hess deals with it on this page

most sincerely with those spectators and their relatives involved, we must sympathise at least equally with the unfortunate Paul. The Brooklands and J.C.C. authorities are to be commiserated with, too, for they have taken the whole thing very much to heart; but there can be absolutely no doubt that every possible precaution was taken by both bodies to ensure the safety of spectators.

As to the race itself, everyone—even Mays, who was entitled to be disappointed—was really delighted to see Maclure win. During the past two seasons this smilingly unassuming youngster has become one of the most popular figures in the racing game. He has been so nearly a winner so often that he was long overdue for a victory in a major event, and he has always commanded the respect of experts by his exceptional driving ability. With the possible exception of "Bira," whose style of driving, strangely enough, is totally dissimilar from his own, Maclure is probably the most brilliant exponent of cornering in British racing to-day.

Undoubtedly Mays was a most unlucky loser, and one must give him a pat on the back for the plucky fight he put up, only to be robbed of victory just when it seemed assured.

I WAS very much impressed recently by the new 9·8-h.p. Hillman "Minx." The car I tested was fitted with an eminently practical drophead coupé body which looked equally smart and compact open or closed. The most striking feature of all, I thought, was the extraordinary economy of this snappy little car. Even in traffic I never got less than 30 m.p.g., while on long, open road stretches it was 15 per cent. better even than that. The light yet certain steering makes the new "Minx" a delight to handle, and enables one to drive long stretches without a sign of fatigue. All the controls are easy to operate and are conveniently placed, while the gear-change reminds one of cutting butter with a red-hot wire!

I found the rear springs a little soft—the body sat down badly when both rear seats were occupied—but this, I was informed, was a fault of the particular car I was testing and is not present on other similar models. The road-holding I found to be exceptionally good, and although the roads were dry when I tested this car, I am told that it is just as steady on wet roads.

In brief, the smartness, economy, and docility of this car strike me as quite exceptional. The upholstery and general finish are generous and at £215 this drophead coupé "Minx" is a notable proposition.

MOTORISTS contemplating taking their cars over to the Continent this summer are advised by the R.A.C. to book their passages early. Last year, owing to the great demand for the necessarily limited accommodation for cars on the cross-Channel steamers, a number of motorists were unable to find room on the boats they had chosen.

Although all requests for accommodation received by the R.A.C. were satisfactorily dealt with, in order to avoid any possibility of disappointment this year, when an even greater number of people will be going abroad, motorists are urged by the R.A.C. to make their arrangements as soon as possible.

25/30 H.P.

"There is a lightness and lightsomeness that I find absolutely enthralling. It is the most effortless car to drive that I know. It is a glorious thing to ride in as a passenger and its performance is remarkable. Whether it be lusty acceleration or resolute braking there is always amazing sweetness. It is almost as though the Rolls-Royce (25/30 h.p.) knew exactly what you wanted it to do and did of its own accord. Thus you can drive it fast for long distances and with any amount of stopping and start-again work without feeling the least fatigue."—*Tatler*

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Flying in High Places

By Charles Ward

Charles E. Brown

An old crock seen in flight at the Royal Aeronautical Society's garden-party. It is a Deperdussin, designed in 1910 and flown last week by Mr. A. J. Edmunds, who is one of the directors of British-American Air Services at Heston

The Sky's the Limit

WINGS over the world have become commonplace. Unless aviation is abolished by universal consent, we shall have more and more flying every year. Those who complain of the noise are often the same people who believe that peace can be obtained without armaments. It would be a pleasant thought for the taxpayer if this were true, but the fact remains that we must get on with the job of becoming top nation in the air. Last week the King made a tour of inspection of R.A.F. stations, flying in his Airspeed "Envoy." There was some criticism that a small air-liner should be used, when giants with four engines would seem more fitting for the King's purpose. But when he goes to sea in the Royal Yacht, no one says it is smaller than a battle-cruiser or the "Queen Mary." The "Envoy" is the best British twin of its capacity and speed. Unless an "Albatross" were ordered, there is no fast four-engined liner available. There were representatives of all types at the Royal Aeronautical Society's garden-party last week, including old crocks (one of which is illustrated), sailplanes, Service fighters and bombers, civil types of all sizes and prices. Four thousand guests were treated to a most impressive display, which becomes more important every year. It is private view day, when the Industry is at home to its friends. The S.B.A.C. show for buyers and technical experts is unlikely to be held this year, as manufacturers are too busy on R.A.F. orders and surplus production for sale abroad is either negligible or already booked.

On Saturday week, the 28th, everyone will have an opportunity of seeing the R.A.F. in the sky and on the ground. Railways and motor-coach companies are running excursions to the principal aerodromes. The fate of Renfrew Aerodrome, to which I referred last week, is less gloomy than appeared—it will be kept open for a further three years. It seems strange that a city of such size and importance as Glasgow, which can organise an Exhibition on the scale of that now open, should have neglected to provide itself with a modern air terminus and rely on the charity of a relatively poor suburb for receiving visitors who want to fly there. Two air events of last month are notable—a British gliding record of 206 miles and conclusive tests of the Mayo "Composite," proving that this aircraft can fulfil everything which its designer claimed.

***The Balloon Barrage** which has been metaphorically in the air for some years is now literally in the air and an appeal has been made by the Government for ground personnel. This picture was taken at the experimental station at Cardington, one of the R.A.F. depots which will be open to the public on Empire Air Day, May 28th*

By Air-Liner or Taxi

THERE are air-liners flying to schedule between most important cities in every country in the world, but for those who want to travel off the beaten track an air-taxi can be hired for almost any journey. Many of the charter companies also operate regular short-distance air routes, whilst the big concerns have their hire departments to cater for rich men or corporations who want space for a large party. Imperials have several times hired an H.P. forty-two-seater for a celebration in Paris. Olleys had a charter from Dublin to London and back quite recently, which involved three of their de H. liners. British-American Air Services at Heston specialises in trips to the races—at the last Newmarket meeting 120 passengers were carried during the four days' racing. For the Grand Prix in Paris, fares are based on a rate of fourpence per mile. The company owns a "Leopard," a "Vega Gull," two "Rapides," and a de H. "Express."

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still look smart after years of wear

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You'll admire the fine character of this stout polished chrome and you'll appreciate its wonderful pliability.
Obtainable at all good shoe shops and in the well known "ORAL" and "ROYAL and ANCIENT" brands.

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And for a glorious holiday nearer home, don't forget the "Sands Across the Sea"—

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CVS—33

A Modern Medley

Summer Fragrance

CHOOSING a new perfume is not nearly so easy as one might imagine, particularly when one is confronted by a row of bottles and asked to smell each one in turn. After the first three, one can no longer distinguish the different fragrances, and more often than not one ends by buying a totally unsuitable scent. When in doubt, it is a safe rule to choose a floral perfume, as a natural scent suits practically every personality. Bronnley's Gardenia is particularly delightful at this time of year, as it is both light and refreshing. It can be used on any and every occasion, both indoor and out, without ever seeming oppressive. A few drops on the handkerchief and behind the ears is sufficient during the day, while at night it can be used more generously and sprayed over the hair. Perfume should never, by the way, be applied to clothes or furs. Bronnley's Gardenia is available from three shillings for a small bottle, and, like all this firm's preparations, is sold practically everywhere. There is also Gardenia face-powder, which is air-spun and of the finest quality. It costs two shillings a box, and is available in several becoming shades, including Sun Tan, a perfect tint for summer sunburn. A delightful series of bath luxuries with the same fragrance are also obtainable.

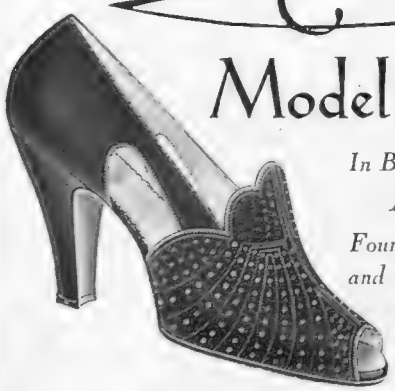
Dover Street Studios

Every modern bathroom should contain Bronnley's bath luxuries scented with Gardenia. They are delightfully refreshing and turn what would be an ordinary bath into a beauty-bath. A cabinet containing a generous supply of dusting-powder, as well as a puff, is included in the group above. It costs seven and sixpence, and is fitted with two drawers containing eighteen bath-cubes

Fashions Forecast

THERE is something very exhilarating about buying new clothes, and every woman should make a point of visiting Nicolls of Regent Street, whose summer collection was recently shown at Grosvenor House. Their fashions are both distinctive and smart, and the prices are very moderate. For country clothes they are using flannel, which tailors admirably, and is very effective in two or more contrasting colours. An example of this is given in a three-piece suit in iris blue and dahlia—a pinky-mauve shade. The skirt and full-length top-coat are blue, and the short, close-fitting jacket dahlia with touches of blue piping. Another model consisting of a turquoise green redingote and skirt is worn with a rust-coloured silk blouse. For cooler summer days Nicolls' are showing a delightful collection of tailored frocks and jacket-suits in Viyella. They are very varied in design and only cost seventy shillings. Bright colours and attractive prints distinguish this season's beach clothes at Nicolls', who have a really fascinating collection of play-suits. One model in printed cotton with green seaweed and large pink starfish on a black ground consists of shorts, a separate brassiere top and a full skirt, which may also be worn as a cape. Another attractive outfit has man-tailored slacks in ochre linen with a belted jacket in a contrasting colour over a spun-silk shirt. Simple lines are stressed for evening, and though colours are shown, black and white predominate. One dress in black georgette is cut with panels of sunray pleating.

America—
Presents A New
Dorothy Dodd
Model for Spring



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Ireland's glorious scenic vistas, abundant facilities for sport, charming seaside resorts and really reasonable accommodations, make an Irish holiday a most happy experience.

Why not explore this perfect holiday land this year? The Irish Tourist Association can supply all information regarding any individual resort.

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Guide and particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares; Great Southern Railways' "All-in" Tours by Rail and by Road, from any L.M.S. or G.W. Station, Office or Agency or on application at any of the following addresses:—

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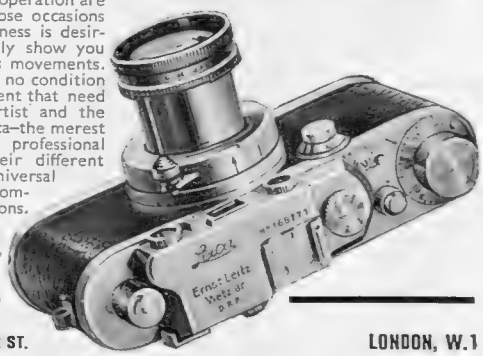

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I can stand the racket . . . . . says the

SPALDING TENNIS BALL

7/- PER BOX OF SIX (To Clubs 6/6)

Spalding have built into this ball all the qualities demanded by every player. Absolute uniformity . . . complete control for every shot . . . perfect for hard hitting . . . extra long wear and playing life. Filled with compressed air (no gas) with patented air-tight inner lining . . . super rough cover with resilient unbreakable seams . . . Spalding give you more good tennis per ball . . . and that's real economy.

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LONDON: 318, High Holborn, W.C.1; 78, Cheapside, E.C.2; *and at:— Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Southsea, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast.*

353

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

April Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Jean Donald	N. Berwick	79	11	68	75	7 below
Mrs. L. A. Clark	Calcutta	78	16	62	69	7 ,,
Miss C. M. Goy	Seacroft	84	16	68	75	7 ,,
Miss D. N. Stewart	Birkdale	85	17	68	75	7 ,,
Miss Gledhill	Birkdale	83	14	69	75	6 ,,
Mrs. Wild	Trentham	84	14	70	76	6 ,,
Miss B. Pollitt	Worsley	86	18	68	74	6 ,,
Miss M. W. R. Durham	Gullane	79	8	71	76	5 ,,
Mrs. Yewdall	Ashridge	87	17	70	75	5 ,,
Miss M. E. Wann	Dulwich and Sydenham	88	18	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. J. N. Kerr	Bombay Presidency	72	5	67	71	4 ,,
Miss J. Dickerson	Ranfurley Castle	83	9	74	78	4 ,,
Miss A. Scargill	Wetherby	82	11	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. R. H. Nix	N. Worcestershire	81	13	68	72	4 ,,
Miss G. Harcourt	Aston Wood	85	13	72	76	4 ,,
Miss B. Hollingsworth	Woking	83	14	69	73	4 ,,
Miss H. James	Liphook	85	15	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. J. Crabbe	Barrackpore	83	13	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Uber	Cuddington	87	14	73	76	3 ,,
Miss I. Randell	Wolstanton	88	18	70	73	3 ,,
Mrs. Heap	Bloxwich	89	18	71	74	3 ,,
Miss M. G. Scroggie	N. Berwick	90	18	72	75	3 ,,
Miss Troup	Northampton	78	6	72	74	2 ,,
Mrs. Meyer	Ashridge	83	10	73	75	2 ,,
Miss MacIver	Hockley	84	14	70	72	2 ,,
Mrs. E. R. Page	Exmouth	84	15	69	71	2 ,,
Mrs. E. Litchfield	Keppel	84	16	68	70	2 ,,
Mrs. O. M. Croft-Baker	Cleethorpes	84	16	68	70	2 ,,
Mrs. G. Bishop	N. Worcestershire	86	16	70	72	2 ,,
Miss M. M. R. Durham	Gullane	76	1	75	76	1 ,,

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. E. J. Gillespie	Woolton	93	35	58	72	14 below
Miss B. Timperlake	Worsley	86	24	62	74	12 ,,
Miss M. Trengrouse	N. Worcestershire	93	33	60	72	12 ,,
Mrs. Tyrrell	Elsham	95	34	61	72	11 ,,
Mrs. S. W. Noble	Gt. Harwood	83	20	63	73	10 ,,
Mrs. G. Stephenson	Sand Moor	87	23	64	74	10 ,,
Mrs. C. Scoular	Filton	95	29	66	76	10 ,,
Mrs. D. Johnston	South Herts.	96	32	64	74	10 ,,
Miss T. Nichols	Wentworth	94	36	58	68	10 ,,
Mrs. R. Fairlie	Barrackpore	85	21	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. J. Slater	Bombay Presidency	86	24	62	71	9 ,,
Miss E. H. Howse	Sudbury	93	28	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. Bramley	Wanstead	95	29	66	75	9 ,,
Mrs. E. Hart	Gt. Yarmouth	95	29	66	75	9 ,,
Miss K. M. Alvin	Garforth	98	34	64	73	9 ,,
Mrs. R. E. Brooke	Goring Hall	99	34	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. Caryl	Glamorganshire	100	36	64	73	9 ,,
Miss N. Hargreaves	Congleton	81	21	60	68	8 ,,
Mrs. Stanborough	Shirley Park	88	23	65	73	8 ,,
Miss Royle	Belton Park	91	26	65	73	8 ,,
Mrs. E. Button	Beeston Fields	101	36	65	73	8 ,,
Miss B. Stone	Shirley Park	81	22	59	66	7 ,,
Mrs. Archibald	Stoke Poges	92	23	69	76	7 ,,
Mrs. T. M. Oag	Calcutta	89	27	62	69	7 ,,
Mrs. Wynne Davies	Datchet	99	32	67	74	7 ,,
Mrs. Segger	Beverley	99	33	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. O. Hitchen	Sale	100	34	66	73	7 ,,
Mrs. W. Tiffany	Calcutta	98	36	62	69	7 ,,
Mrs. Davidson	Lincoln	104	36	68	75	7 ,,
Mrs. Aspdin	Derbyshire	92	22	70	76	6 ,,

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (15th Year)

At Nairn Golf Club,

JUNE 7 to 10, 1938

Holders: MRS. RHODES and MISS L. B. CLARK.

Entries close Friday, May 20th. Enter NOW.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach MISS E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

NAIRN — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, by Friday, May 20th, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Nairn Golf Club, June 7th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Nairn with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 3rd to her at Golf Links Hotel, Nairn. Telephone or Telegrams: Nairn 39.

HOTELS

GOLF LINKS HOTEL, NAIRN: 15/6 per day inclusive. Telephone 39. This will be Miss Helme's address from June 5th; also GOLF VIEW, 18/- per day single, 16/6 per person double. ROYAL MARINE, 13/6. WINDSOR HOTEL from £3.10.0 a week single. CLIFTON PRIVATE HOTEL from £3.13.6 a week single.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Nairn during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vandyk

Patricia Hewitt

Patricia Frances Thomasine Hewitt, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. R. Hewitt, of The Old Vicarage, Shepton Montague, Somerset, is engaged to Reginald John Felix Milanès, 2nd Sikhs, son of Mr. J. H. Milanès, H.B.M. Vice-Consul in Madrid, and Mrs. Allan Medley, of Orchard Lea, Bourne End, Bucks.

Pearl Freeman

Phyllis Luscombe

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Luscombe, of Barn Wood, Worth, Sussex, and is engaged to Peter Duncanson, second son of the late T. J. G. Duncanson and Mrs. Duncanson, of Hadlow House, Hadlow Down, Sussex

Kay Vaughan

Daphne Veronica Bellairs

Is the younger daughter of Rear-Admiral Roger Bellairs, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Bellairs, of Wyvenhoe, Farnham Royal, Bucks.; she is to marry Lt. George Rowell, R.N., son of the late George Rowell and Mrs. A. A. Dunbar-Brander, of Elgin, Scotland

Lenare

Pamela Hawley

Is the daughter of the late G. W. Hawley and Mrs. Hawley, of Cape Town, now of Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, Surrey; she is to be married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on June 11th, to Lieut. Peter Walker, R.N., son of the late Charles Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Redbourne, Herts.

Cannons of Hollywood

Kathleen O'Loughlin

Is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Loughlin, of Melbourne, Australia; her fiancé is Maurice Southwell Fitz-Gerald, younger son of the late Major the Hon. Arthur Fitz-Gerald and Mrs. FitzGerald, of 49, Maresfield Gdns., Hampstead

Lenare

Anne Hawley

Is the daughter of the late Major Francis Hawley and Mrs. Baker-Baker, of East Hall, Middleton Tyas, Yorks., and is to marry, on June 2nd Roderick Leveson-Gower, son of the late Cecil Leveson-Gower and Mrs. Leveson-Gower, of Quarry Ridge, Oxted, Surrey

Catherine Bell

Nina Dobson

Is the only child of the late Captain Harold Dobson and Mrs. Dobson, of 40, Halsey Street, S.W.3, and is engaged to Captain A. C. Davidson-Houston, Royal Sussex Regiment, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. B. Davidson-Houston, of Old Red House, Esher

Fayer of Vienna

Pamela Moorhouse

Is the younger daughter of the late Lt.-Col. S. Moorhouse and Mrs. Douglas Godfree, of 32, Ormonde Gate, S.W.3; her engagement has been announced to Laurence Neil Robertson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Robertson, of The Old Rectory, Little Bookham

Elliott & Fry

Mildred Hardcastle

Is the daughter of the Archdeacon of Canterbury and the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, of The Precincts, Canterbury; she is engaged to the Rev. John Charles, Precentor of Canterbury Cathedral, son of Dr. and the late Mrs. J. R. Charles, of Churchill Court, Somerset

Yevonde

Ursula Robins

Is the daughter of the Venerable the Archdeacon of Bedford and Mrs. Robins, of Hatching Green House, Harpenden; she is engaged to James Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Robinson, of Normans Close, Biddenham, Bedford

Navana

Lydia Wingfield-Digby

Is the younger daughter of Canon S. H. and Mrs. Wingfield-Digby, of The Chaplaincy, Kiambu, Kenya, and Sherborne, Dorset, and is engaged to John Orlando Forester, son of the Rev. and Hon. O. St. Maur Forester and Mrs. Forester, of Battersea Vicarage

Lenare

Helen Cobbold

Helen Mary Theresa Cobbold, daughter of Maj. Neville Eden Cobbold and Mrs. Cobbold, of 72, Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead, is engaged to John Flint Cahan, son of the late Capt. the Hon. J. Cahan and Mrs. Cahan, of Halifax, N.S. The wedding will take place on June 30th, at Hampstead Parish Church

Lenare

Catherine Jean Grant

Is the third daughter of the late Col. Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk and the Dowager Lady Grant, of 32, Walpole Street, S.W.3; her wedding to Harry Legge-Bourke, Royal Horse Guards, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 6th. He is the son of the late Nigel Legge-Bourke and Lady Victoria Forester, of Laverton House, Broadway, Worcs.

Bassano

Ambrosine Phillpotts

Is the only daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Phillpotts, of Lamerton House, Kew, and is engaged to John Reiss, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reiss, of Sandiway House, Hartford, Cheshire. Miss Phillpotts is an actress now playing with the Liverpool Repertory

Muspratt — Heathcote

The father of the bridegroom officiated at the wedding at All Saints', Conington, between Lieut. Walter Dermot Muspratt, R.N., elder son of the Rev. W. and Mrs. Muspratt, of Brooklands, Landford, Salisbury, and Ila Margaret Heathcote, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Heathcote, of Riant Château, Territet, Switzerland

Navana

Hermione Gregson

Is the late Colonel L. Gregson and Lady Hermione Gregson's daughter; her home is at 1, Hyde Park Street, W.1. She is engaged to Sir David Hawley, Bt., of Gayton Manor, Northants., son of the late Captain C. F. Hawley and Mrs. Hawley

Moss, Cirencester

Mary Dearman Birchall

Is the daughter of Major Sir John Dearman Birchall and Lady Birchall, of Cotswold Farm, Cirencester, and she is to marry Anthony Biddulph, only son of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph, of Rodmarton, Cirencester

Bagshaw — James

Lt.-Comdr. (E.) Nigel Bagshaw, R.N., younger son of the late Rev. R. S. Bagshaw, of Potton, Beds., and the late Mrs. Bagshaw, and Elizabeth James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid James, of Hawkwell, Stamfordham, Northumberland, were married at St. Stephen's, Gloucester Road

Robertson — Bliss

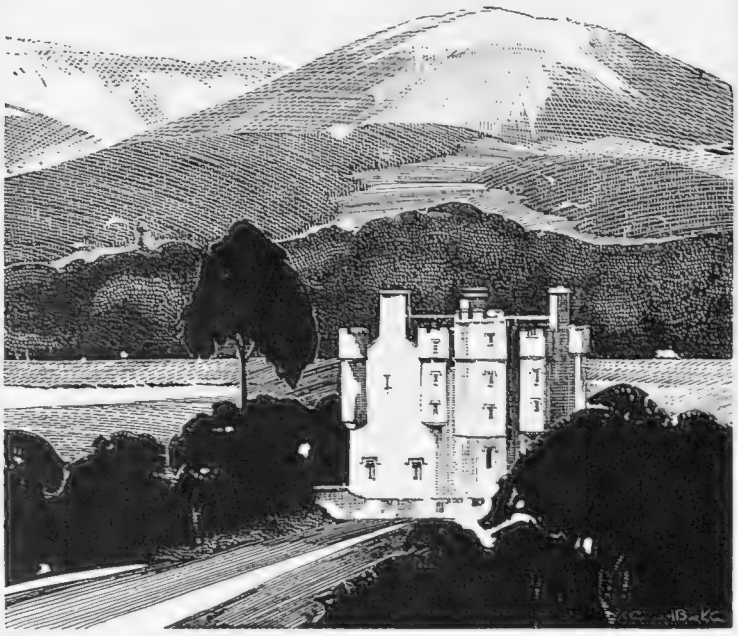
Frank Douglas Robertson, M.C., 1st Kumaon Rifles, eldest son of Major and Mrs. F. G. W. Robertson, of Glastonbury, Loughton, Essex, married Amy Pamela Bliss at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bliss, of 17, Langham Mansions, S.W.5

Campbell — Gray

His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley married Alexander Courtenay Campbell and Joan Gray at Brompton Oratory. The bridegroom is the elder son of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Campbell, of 13, Cromwell Road, Hove; the bride is the only child of Major and Mrs. Julian Gray, of Dunsland, Woodruff Avenue, Hove

Stoll — Forbes

Dennis Stoll, Sir Oswald and Lady Stoll's youngest son, and a musician in his own right, married Diana Forbes at Brompton Oratory. She is the elder daughter of Mrs. Duncan Forbes, of St. George's Court, Brompton Road, S.W.3. The bridegroom's parents live at Carlton House, Putney Hill



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Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

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Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lausanne.—Victoria. (First-class). Magnificent. View on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

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Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free. Park, tennis, garage.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 18—May 24

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON, 1938.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne burlesque the Greek legend: Lyric, 8.30.

CORIOLANUS.—Laurence Olivier and Sybil Thorndike play the leads: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ELIZABETH.—André Josset's play is a guess at the strange tale of old Elizabeth and young Essex, capably played by Lilian Braithwaite and Anthony Quayle: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Immaculate throughout, this production has Gielgud as Shylock, Quartermaine as the Merchant, Peggy Ashcroft as Portia, superb décor by Motley: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold, Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psycholgical play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

POWER AND GLORY.—Oscar Homolka doubles parts effectively in a play about war whose theme is more powerful than the plot: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.—Anmer Hall's presentation of Shaw has Gillian Scaife, Stanley Lathbury, Lydia Sherwood, Alexis France, and John Wise; produced by Michael McOwan: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborate and more connected than the last: Coliseum, 2.15 and 8.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 105.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Montmartre à Minuit"

Is the daring title of the new supper-show at the London Casino (there is a different dinner-show) and here is Marianne Manning, who calls herself the Merry Widow of 1938

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy has Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY WITH DESIGNS.—Gina Malo is a jewel-thief with designs on Harold Warrender in this crooked comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.—Leonora Corbett and Henry Edwards in an undecided play between comedy and farce, with an original plot and funny moments: Phœnix, 8.30.

MONEY TALKS.—Seymour Hicks in one part with a variety of roles leads the cast by a long way in an ingenuous comedy: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Night

HAPPY RETURNS.—Postponed first night of Cochran's all-round musical show with Beatrice Lillie, Nervo and Knox: Adelphi, Thurs., 19th.

HENRY IRVING MATINÉE: Lyceum, Mon., 23rd.

CINEMAS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert—what a team!—in a high-life romance: Plaza.

THE CHALLENGE (British).—The rivalry in conquering the Matterhorn is the theme of this stirring scenic drama, with Luis Trenker, Robert Douglas, Mary Clare, Joan Gardner: London Pavilion.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X (British).—Extravagant technicolor settings for Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in a funny story of high life: Marble Arch Pavilion.

L'EQUIPAGE (French).—Annabella and Jean Murat in this revival are supported by *Aren't Men Beasts* with Hare and Drayton: Studio One.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life and death of a passion: Rialto.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST (American).—Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in another scenic sing: Empire.

THE HOUSEMASTER (British).—The film of Ian Hay's school play has Diana Churchill, Rene Ray, Walter Hudd, Otto Kruger: Regal.

I ACCUSE (French).—Not a genteel film, featuring war-injured, but a strong indictment against war and its makers: Curzon.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story of this spectacular film: Tivoli.

JEZEBEL (American).—Bette Davis and Henry Fonda are quite good in this mixed picture of plague-time in New Orleans: Carlton.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley.

OWD BOB (British).—Will Fyffe, Margaret Lockwood and John Loder in an excellent rural tale of the Lakes and sheep-dogs: Gaumont.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

TOM SAWYER (American).—Tommy Kelly takes the name-part in the film of Mark Twain's novel: Odeon.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

THE INTERNATIONAL OPERA SEASON.—Nightly, Mon. to Fri., at varying times (see dailies).

SADLER'S WELLS:

DON GIOVANNI.—To-night, 18th, 7.45.

LE ROI NU, HOROSCOPE, JUDGMENT OF PARIS, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Fri., 20th, 8.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.—Sat., 21st, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI.—Sat., 21st, 8.

BALLETS JOOSS.—A three-weeks' season of nine ballets at Sadler's Wells starts on Mon., 23rd.

MUSIC

ADRIAN AESCHBACHER.—A piano recital including Schubert's A major sonata, Kreisleriana (Schumann), Moussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 18th, 8.30.

MYRA HESS, JELLY D'ARANYI, GASPAR CASSADO.—A recital of trios by Schumann, Beethoven, Schubert: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 21st, 3.

YVETTE GUILBERT.—A recital at the Wigmore Hall Mon., 23rd, 8.30.

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London Nights:

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A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Grosvenor House

THIS season's midnight fun and frolic at Grosvenor House is called—for somewhat slender reasons—*Café Society*. In the first scene there are hints of El Morocco, the Colony, Stork and 21, and four tall lovelies put on the Ritz with special reference to Elsa Maxwell and that lot. Then Ross Wyse comes on and annihilates sequence by falling several times on his teeth. The programme doesn't say what the name is of the agile lady who contorts with him, but they 're a grand knockabout duet. Earl and Josephine Leach dance ever so gracefully. The Music Hall Boys, with mutton-chop whiskers, collapsible canes, and their own inimitable harmony, have lost nothing of their excellence.

And, between times, the Girls do some lovely, really lovely, numbers, in precise alignments and some of the most effectively colour-schemed costumes I 've seen at a show like this. The four tall lovelies appear in slow time throughout, in the three items with their smaller brethren, Deep Purple, Jamaica Joe (very good, this), and War on Swing; in the last of which the problem of armaments and international situations is put on the floor and trampled under rhythmic foot. But there is no more reference to *Café Society*.

Reaching new heights at Grosvenor House

In total it is such a superb show, pretty, witty and agile, that my one complaint amounts to little: that it is introduced by the midnight "chime" on what must be the brassiest gong in Mayfair. This is a mild plea that Lipton's gongster shall muffle it a bit, in deference to those near the band.

The Lipton music for dancing keeps its accent on modernity. And all hail to George Hale for another of his glamorous productions.

The Dorchester

THAT Hermione Baddeley is to be amongst those present on the Dorchester stage for their new dinner and supper-time presentations ought to be enough to send all admirers of *Nine Sharp* scuttling along. She is in wickedly good form, and there 's nothing much left of the Glamour Girl concept after she 's got her teeth into them.

The show is called *Personality Parade*. Shows, rather. There are three of them nightly: one at ten o'clock, the second at midnight, and the third forty minutes later. Which is a grand idea, because it allows an unhurried supper with the lights up, and a spell of dancing between acts.

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The personalities are big, and come from both sides of the Atlantic. Sheila Barratt, from America, does some fine take-offs, and packs wit and humour in her punches, some of which go excitingly low. She is reported to have fifty-two different sketches in her repertoire, so you can encore her without embarrassment. Jack Holland and June Hart dance as only they can. Cyril Ritchard, as compère, helps Hermione B. in "comedy and nonsense," and finally Richard Haydn, the one and only fish-mimic, mimics fishes. It 's useless to try and describe this act to people who haven't seen it. There are enough optimists at London parties having a shot at it and failing without my attempting it in mere words.

Jack Jackson plays as ever, and takes quite a large part in the histrionic fun, and not all of it as stooge for comedians' cracks. The Dorchester remains smart, glittering and sophisticated. The place for a "swell" evening. *Personality Parade* is right up to snuff.

The Ritz

I AM sorry that the young fellow with a banjo will apparently not be on the bill any longer by the time this comes out. I must confess, too, that my year-old godson ate the little book of words that I brought back from the Ritz that evening. Other-

The Topical Ritz Atmosphere

wise I would have the name, to advise you not to miss him any other time he is performing. I have heard Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" played often enough, Heaven knows, as a pièce de resistance by inferior bands and superior. But I know now that if you *can* play it on a banjo, you ought to do so. It sounded fine at the Ritz, which shows you what a wizard its interpreter must be. He is. That he played on what he called an "electric" instrument takes away nothing from the marvel of it.

But Clifford Newdahl remains. It is his first visit to Europe, and he is a great acquisition. He sang us his first two songs in their native German with such Continental fervour and effect that it was a bit of a shock when he broke into English without a trace of accent, and sang some more songs in that. He has personality besides voice, and showmanship withal. He accompanies himself in most of his songs.

With him comes Nara Padlo, a young and attractive Rumanian lass, who flits through several languages and more songs. You may have seen and heard her at the Scheherazade in Paris, where she has been a mainstay of the expensive gaiety for a season.

Finally, a mention of the new decorations at the Ritz. Discreet, as you 'd expect, but noticeable and much approved. There is now less of that "underneath the old umbrella" stuff at those occasional tables through the room. Their coverings are no longer roof-trees, and they have gone pleasantly pagoda-esque. The room looks brighter and ladies their best.

Café de Paris

AMBROSE, sitting pretty and easy at the top of his important tree, is well in keeping with the Café de Paris, for whose headline and faithful patrons he provides his unique and suave rhythm. Evelyn Dall croons by virtue of her voice; not, as so

"Bitter Sweet" Memories at the Café de Paris

many band-crooners, just because you 've got to have a crooner doing his (or her) stuff every so often during the evening.

With two neophyte American ladies in tow last time, I tried to explain just what the Café had that wasn't to be found anywhere else in London. It wasn't Poulsen, because he 's more or less ubiquitous, what with the Casino, and now, I hear, the Embassy. It wasn't the prices, which are of a muchness with three or four Grand Babylons. It wasn't, probably, the lay-out, though that is unique, with gardenia-seller at the door, a bar half-way down, the informal non-dress circle looking down again on to the dancers in tails or smartest dinner-jackets. It must be the reputation of permanent and unchanging excellence, the knowledge that night-life London has that the Café will always be pleasantly crowded with a pleasant and smart crowd, and the trust, which is now a certainty, that the management here can do no wrong.

By which time I realised that my audience was not listening to me, which was not entirely the fault of Georges Metaxa, who had arrived to sing.

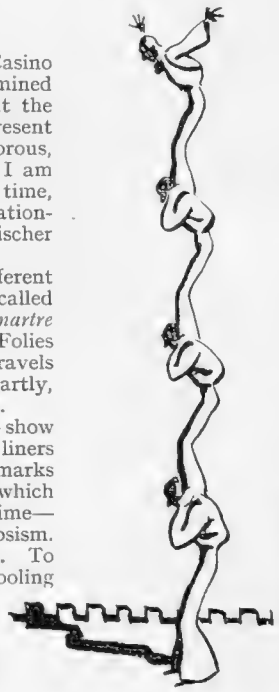
It 's seven years since he last sang in London, in *Bitter Sweet*, to Peggy Wood's Sari. He sings a song or two from that to-day, and, very rightly, his audience won't let him go till he does. His voice is as thrilling as ever. Go and hear him again.

The London Casino

Cross my heart. When a new Casino show comes on, I go in a determined attempt to get it on to paper without the use of superlatives. If I say that the present offerings are the most stupendous, glamorous, colossal and expensive ever, I know I am right. But I said that about the last time, and meant it then. What is the saturation-point? What can Poulsen and Fischer devise between them next?

They now give two completely different shows nightly, one at dinner (9.30), called *Plaisirs de Paris*, and the other, *Montmartre à Minuit*, at supper. Each is a Folies Bergère show in itself, except that it travels quicker, makes its points more smartly, and displays more gorgeous draperies.

Of the seven turns in the dinner-show the night I was there, six were top-liners in themselves. For individualists, full marks to Renita Kramer for her dance in which she acts self and partner at the same time—a gruesome and effective essay in solipsism. To Les Christianis, here illustrated. To Gregory and Raymond for general fooling of a high order. But these are little more than curtain-raisers to the main features of the evening, where what T. S. Eliot (in another context) calls "stars with a talent for squad-drill" perform lavish charades in superb or next-to-nothing costumes.



Packing them on at the London Casino

The supper show, which is more compact, takes us equally superbly through Montmartre night-life, and is not so long that it leaves no time for after-theatre folk to dance on their own account. A tremendous evening's entertainment.

The New Clarges

For these many years Binaco has been dreaming a soft dream of the perfect restaurant that he would like to superintend for the gustatory and æsthetic delight of his many, many good friends in London. At the New Clarges through all these years he has been able very nearly to grasp his ideal. But the necessity of keeping that one corner of London ready to welcome that very fussy band of quite largely country nobility has prevented changes being made, except slowly and bit by bit. In the silence of the sleep-time a carpet would be rolled away and another one put on. On a quiet week-end hatches and partitions would be added or subtracted. But all the time multiplication of clients took its inevitable course as the food, wines, and welcome acquired a grape-vine reputation.

So the decision to rebuild the restaurant to heart's desire had to be taken boldly in advance or not at all. They have taken it, and by the time you read this, the kindly room you know so well will be full of hewers of wood and drawers of blue-prints. M. Guieu is the artist in charge, interpreting very closely the desires and designs of Binaco's ideal. There will be window tables which should be as famous as those of any St. James's Street club. There will be a partition betwixt and between. Every patron will feel himself commandingly and commendably placed. Ladies will find newer, bigger and better cloak-room accommodations. The old ground-floor ensemble will be handier, more compact, better equipped.

Until the end of this month, when the new restaurant will be opened, you will find tables and the same exquisite food and wines at your command in that long side-room on the right as you come

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New Clarges alterations in progress

in. When all is settled, that will have a bar, cold food and snacks. Binaco, I know, will be beaming excitedly behind his spectacles when the great day arrives. And you, I know, will give his new world an even greater blessing than you have for so long been giving to the old.

Tony's

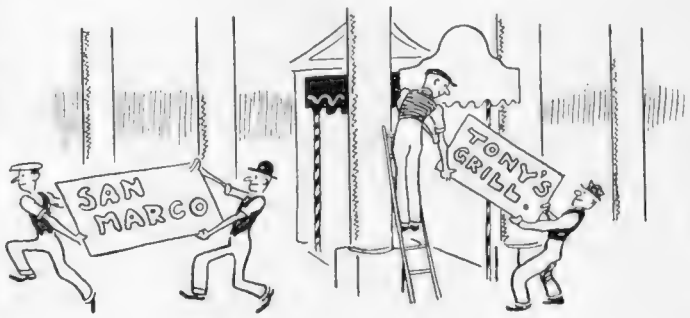
ON the site and in the rooms of the old San Marco comes a new swagger restaurant, which dispenses with music and simply sets itself to flatter the palate.

Tony, who runs it and whose name it has taken, was with Luigi in Jermyn Street long enough to have learnt how food is not all that is necessary for a successful A-class West End restaurant. Tony's opens too late for me to have had a chance to see it. But I remember Tony himself, as you will. And I know Luigi's standards. And I know that the redecorations of the old San Marco lay-out will be something pretty good. Tony tells me that they will be Venetian, without much semblance to the Venice of yesteryear.

Everything is to be changed and new. The food will be cosmopolitan, the wines big. The prices will be roughly those of the Coq d'Or. The restaurant will be open on Sunday evenings for certain, possibly for lunch too. It will stay open through dinner for supper, and till after midnight.

I feel ill at ease crying its praises on suspicion, and without basic evidence of the senses to go on. I can only promise that if I have a chance I will tell you all about it next time. By when you 'll all have probably taken the place to your hearts.

Good luck to Tony.



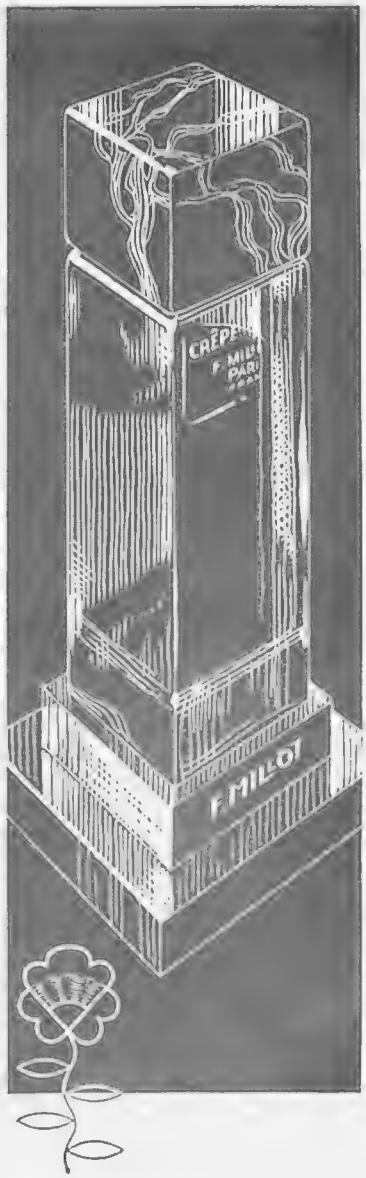
Off with the old, on with the new

The New Queen's

I HAVE not known the New Queen's well for long enough to say whether heat-waves outside make it more congenial or less, or whether they leave it its own pleasant self. I strongly suspect (and I wish to goodness Messrs. Negretti and Zambra would chalk up a spell that would give me a chance to prove it) that this below-stairs bierkeller will come out very high on the list of places to go to when things get too hot.

The decorations are cool, the beer is cold, they 've arranged, so far, that the atmosphere mysteriously remains unstuffy in spite of large crowds, plenty of pipe- and cigar-smoke, and some of the best cooking extant. There may be some stroke of genius played in the management's insistence that coats and hats shall of necessity be left outside in the cloakroom, and not brought in to clutter up the place and look hot. Whatever the causes, the results have been fine, and still it is only with the greatest good luck that you can find a corner for a party of any size larger than two after 11.30 of an evening.

When you next go there for lunch, remember that they make a speciality of doing little summer-time dishes, and salads, and



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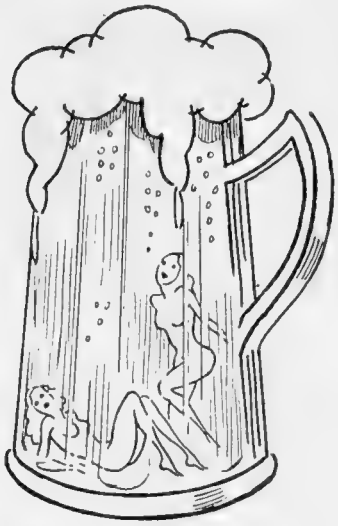
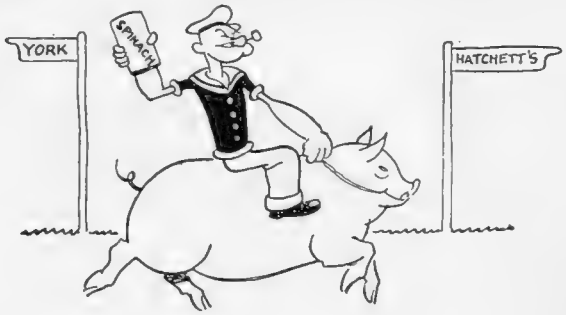


those cold sandwich affairs that the Scandinavians spend so much of their time on, and so well. Americans are beginning to know about those salads, and they find to their relief that they can actually get coffee afterwards that tastes, and is hot, and is served with cream alongside. Matinée lunches, and for shoppers. Theatre dinners, and after-supper music. Very nice.

Cool depths at the New Queen's

Hatchett's

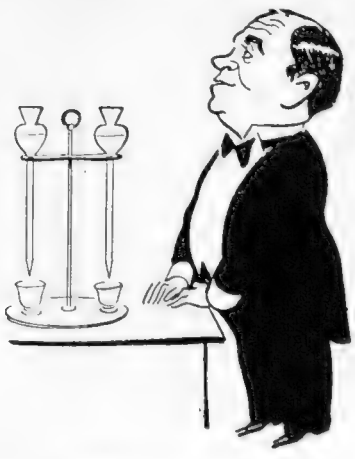
Boscasso still has his four or five specialities of the day on the lunch list at Hatchett's, but he 's now added a permanent, all-through-the-year, every day, abundantly British offering of York ham and spinach, steaming from under the silver covers of the trolleys. Contracts have been signed with curers, farmers, and the pigs themselves, so that there will be no hitch from pen to Piccadilly. This should very easily develop into a famous tradition at this most British of restaurants. York ham and spinach will be there, ready, for your approval, at dinner as well as lunch, and you 'll find a vast choice of superb wines for its accompaniment on a list which has few equals. I seriously advise your booking tables these days, because word 's getting round about Hatchett's.



York ham and spinach for Hatchett's

It 's a restaurant of three separate moods contemporaneously, depending on the part of it in which you find yourself. Half-way down those Piccadilly stairs there is that all-masculine bar where warriors and Imperial Civil Servants on leave come to meet each other and hear the news of home. At the Dover Street entrance there is a perfectly good snack-bar with chromium and modernity, where pretty girls meet their clubland cavaliers for a quick Mayfair lunch, or a bite before the theatre.

And downstairs is a restaurant that has many centuries of history in its woodwork and on its menu, but is prepared to meet modernity half-way with a set lunch and a theatre dinner of large proportions and very pleasant cost.



Kempinski "heber"—with Felix

Kempinski's

If Kempinski's Tavern goes much further the way it is going now, it will find itself acquiring the label of "matey," an epithet which, in its proper gastronomic sense, is difficult enough for a restaurant to earn, and far more difficult to keep. The other evening, Miss Browne, the Botany Mistress of the Western Brothers' "Cads College" on the radio, took the floor for an impromptu moment after dinner, and had the place yelling encores. The Stage comes in its numbers to the Tavern, and lunches with gusto in the restaurant above. But that singers sing or players play towards

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midnight is not that they are there for that, but that, being there, they feel mightily disposed to join in the general bonhomie. The only regular performer is Marjorie Dale, the singing cigarette-girl. That doesn't count Felix, the head-waiter, who 's apt to take a stand and render a very pretty aria when he 's not shy.

Come and see, and hear, one night. Sit at the sofa tables round the walls if you can get in. Order your wine of the middle-European countries, and have it delivered to you from those comic Viennese " hebers," shaped like mountainous pipettes, to which you press your glass when you want to release the amber liquor. Liquor which will very soon have *you* singing, too.

Food of all countries, moderately priced. Wines ditto. Lunch offers special dishes daily, and a smart crowd. Dinner is a lingering meal, and wanders on into supper, and then more singing.

The Bon Viveur

IT is a very cool refuge from an emotionally, and perhaps actually, overheated world that one finds inside those blue doors at the end of Chapel Street. I have spoken many times of the Bon Viveur ; I have praised it always because I meant it. It changes very little, thank goodness, and frankly, I have nothing new to say this month.

Davico still welcomes you by name if you are a member, by an almost equally winning smile if you are only a member's guest. A comfortable cocktail at the little bar on the right while your table is selected and your dinner arranged. Then you will go in and, although there is a band, no table can be suspected of being too near to it and none too far away. Three self-contained musicians swing it traditionally from the rafters. Sometimes they will roll back the carpet from what must be the smallest dance-floor in

Dancing in little at the Bon Viveur

Mayfair, and a couple here, a couple there, will foot it between courses. The lights are low, the decoration of the warm south.

Wines for " neat but not gaudy " palates Mr. Davico chooses with his own vast knowledge. A small list, but in each category some rare editions, with the best cellars at welcome club prices. Food—well, if you know how to have ready in this wee space food for fifty connoisseurs ordering from the heart and not the card, and how to serve it deftly in that same small space, you had better go into ownership in competition with Davico. I am baffled always.

It is a long card when you come to choose, and you will find it full of the good things and spices of this earth. Omar, in his more civilised moments, would have cadged a membership somehow. The wines would have won his high-piping approval ; he would have found plenty to go with his loaf of bread, and in a dream of fair women here is paradise enow. In a small tavern space he would never have felt crowded, and in a bosky arboreal setting would never have felt cold. And " Thou " wouldst have concurred.

Quinto's

WHEN good luck took me last month to Monte Carlo, I made a point of visiting the archetypal Quinto's run by Mr. Victor's brother. It is from him, the real Quinto, that Victor gets his flown supplies of vegetables and delicacies " du pays." It was at this Quinto's that for some years Victor was a fraternal partner. Those who know the one Quinto's should know the other.

In Arlington Street on my last visit I was reading an off-print (which you should get hold of when you next go) of a dinner written up for the Wine and Food Society. Five connoisseurs had fed royally, had wined superbly at Victor's table, and the repast had called for literary immortality. Three clarets in ascending ages, two brandies. Food which, a choice feast, was apparently only selected to " point up " the wines. Should you be in after the theatre-dinner hour any evening, you can be pretty sure of seeing a group or two of this kind testing Victor's cooking and cellar.

But you don't have to be a top-flight wine and food expert to feel and feed like one at Quinto's. Any night or any morning you drop around you can be assured of becoming exquisitely surfeited with no severe strain on your cheque-book. And Victor will welcome you as he welcomes the rich and the great who pass through his swing-doors in that quiet cul-de-sac flanking the Park down past the Ritz.

The Austria

SANDLER is back, with his violin, to play you the waltzes and the songs of your heart, 7.30 till well after midnight. He is an extraordinarily versatile person, Sandler. An artist with almost as sure a touch as his more famous brother, he can turn his rhythms to suit the age and requirements of any gathering in the pleasant Austria restaurant. His " boys," if that is not too flippant a term for his band, play their parts with gusto, and will wander around, being personal in their attentions to your table and yours and yours.

Just now a Hungarian singer, André Szathmary, is the attraction at dinner and supper. He comes on at intervals between dancing and courses from 9.30 onwards.

You won't need telling after you 've been there. But when you 're making up your mind, take my tip and try the Austria some time for its cooking alone. Bruno supervises. Big things are happening in the cuisine there, and you 'll be glad you were on to them. Lunch and dinner, and the Salzburg grill alongside for less formality.

R. A. U.

Actress Janet Johnson served Hatchett's York ham and spinach to Derek Tangye and Doreen Sinclair on the day it first reappeared

Greeting a 200-year-old dish at Hatchett's

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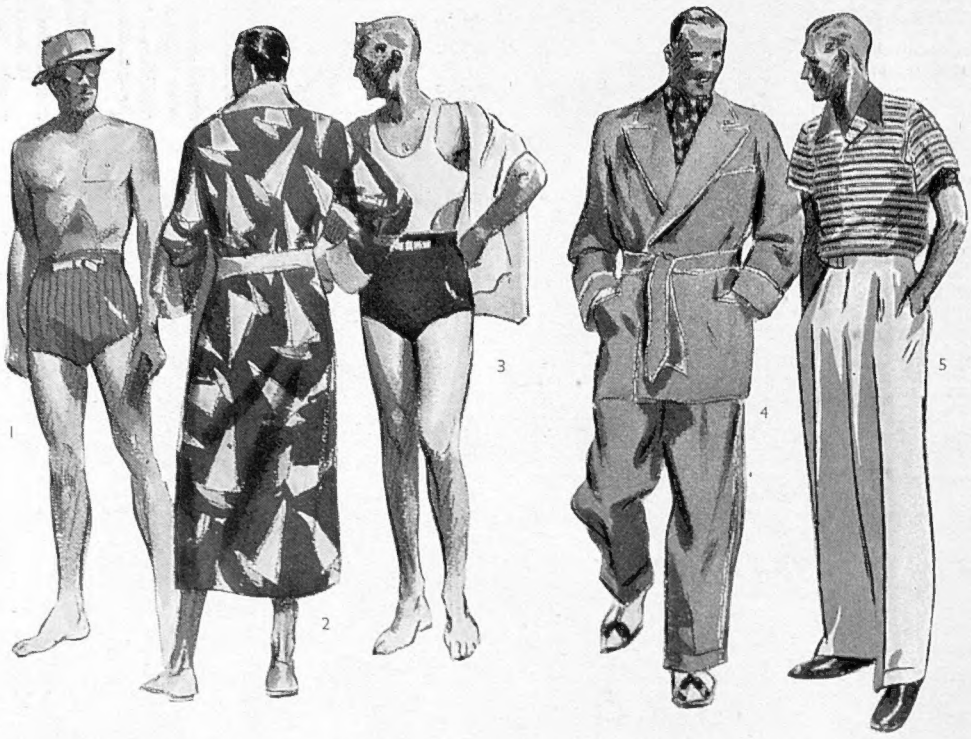

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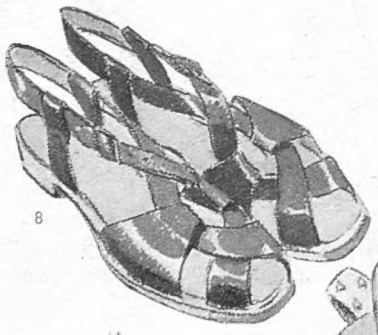

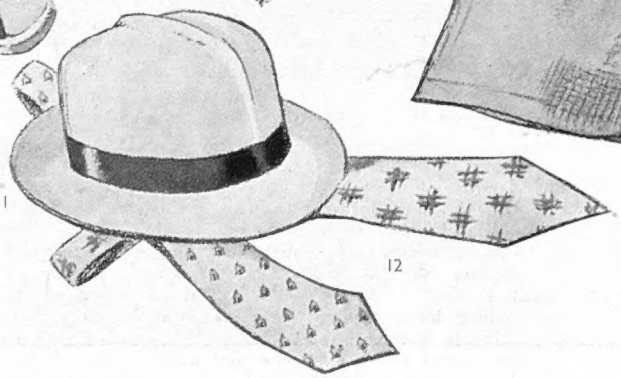

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Sir Edward: "I can't think of anything quite so thrilling as a good win on the turf."

Lady Angela: "It is certainly one of life's major sensations."

Sir Edward: "But I want no *sensations* after the race is won. That's why I insure my winnings by always betting with Duggie."

Sir Edward—the enthusiastic.

★ DUGGIE IS WAITING TO OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH YOU

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